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IN THE WOODLANDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

WHEN the days grew cold, in Autumn,
And the leaves were brown and sere,
And October winds were sighing
For the falling of the year.
When the colors were resplendent
Over all the pleasant land,
Then I walked the changing woodlands
With my darling, hand in hand.

All was beautiful, but fading;
All too fair to pass away,
As the shadows of the sunset
Follow to the light of day;
But the one that walked beside me,
Full of sweetness, through the glade,
She was far too bright and loving,
Far too beautiful to fade.

Yet, as Autumn nights grew longer,
On her cheek there came a flush,
And her face grew even sweeter,
With its bright and hectic blush,
As when leaves, chilled by the north-wind
Of November's stormy sky
For a time take on new beauty,
Changing color but to die.

When the Autumn days had faded,
And the Winter's breath was chill,
To her last repose they bore her,
In the shadow of the hill.
There's a sound of chestnuts dropping
Over all the pleasant land;
But I walk no more the woodlands
With my darling, hand in hand.

MURIEL;
OR,
A DOUBLE VOW.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,
Author of "Fair as a Star," "A Wife's Revenge," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.—KATIE'S LOVER.

All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, all impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obedience.—SHAKESPEARE.

Mrs. Trimmett had been earlier astir than she had intended, through the alteration Mr. Dyson had made in his plans; but, early as she was, Walter Crosbie was before her. She saw him, as she was making her preparations for breakfast, looking about him at the scene of yesterday's mishap, and remarked to her husband on his pleasant face and good looks.

"The works will be much nicer if he lives here," she said confidently. "He will take the sourness out of the master, if anything can."

Already the employes of the new owner had found out that their new master was as morose as the old one, and they hailed the appearance of this fresh-looking, kind young gentleman with delight, as imparting fresh blood, as it were, into the concern. It was all new and interesting to him, and he stayed, with all a youth's natural curiosity, about the place that was to be his future home, perhaps his property at some time.

Mr. Thornycroft had not promised to make him his heir—there had been no mention of any such thing—but stranger things than that have happened before now, and it might be that in the time to come he, Walter Crosbie, would stand there master of the place he was exploring. His mother's old lover had sent for him in an abrupt, offhand sort of fashion that would have offended many people; but his father had too much on his shoulders, and was too sorely tried by his fight with the world, to cavil at anything that promised a future for his son.

"Give me that boy of yours, and if he has anything in him I will see what I can make of him," had been the ungracious words in which his presence at Thornycroft had been demanded, and the senior Mr. Crosbie had been tempted to refuse the offer made in such terms.

There was a good deal in Walter. He was a clever young fellow, with a career before him, if he could only get a chance; and surely there were other chances in the world than this plan of the master of Thornycroft. It was Katie who soothed her father's ruffled pride. It generally was Katie who settled all the little knotty points in the family. Her sweet temper and loving nature were joined to a clear head for business and sound common-sense, and could generally see the right thing to be done and the best way to do it. It was she who persuaded her father that Walter's would-be benefactor might be a very different man from what his letter made him appear, and that to refuse the request would be unwise.

"He need not stay, if he does not like it," she urged; "and he may come to be master there in time, if he goes. Think of that, papa."

"And think of the money he is costing now," chimed in Miss Crosbie, the young people's aunt, who was there on a visit. "He's a dear boy, but he grows more and more expensive every day, and he's wasting his time now, brother; you say that yourself."

"Yes, I know," Mr. Crosbie replied, with a sigh. "Walter is fit for something better than to sit at a desk in an office; but what was I to do?"

"You did your very best, of course, and the boy would slave there contentedly all his life if he could get nothing better. But this is a chance that you should not throw away; it is even better than what Kate's adorer proposed."

"A great deal better," Katie said, looking up with a bright smile at the mention of her lover's name. "Mark's offer was not much better than what he is doing now, except in position; he would be more of a gentleman."

All the family had seen "Mark," except Walter. He had been away when that gentleman had presented himself in London to ask Mr. Crosbie for his daughter's hand. But he was quite prepared to endorse all their good opinion from all he heard of him.

He had promised, if nothing better offered for him, to get Walter into a writership, something connected with his own profession; but the chance at Thornycroft was so much better, and the future so much more secure, that Mr. Crosbie took his daughter's advice and accepted it at once.

Katie's engagement had brought them all good luck, it seemed. Mr. Crosbie himself had been somewhat more successful than he generally was since his daughter had made the acquaintance of this warm-hearted, honest gentleman. He was a good deal older than the girl he had chosen, and he was not specially handsome, but in Katie's eyes he was faultless.

There was one drawback to the perfect happiness of her prospects—the uncertainty as to what she was going to do, and where she would have to go in the future. Her *fiancee* told her that he was tired of the roving life he had led for so many years, and was desirous of settling down. He was offered a position in South Africa, which, if he accepted it, would make him a rich man; but, if she declined to go, so would he, and take a very much inferior place in his native country. He had no ties to bind him to England. If she found hers too hard, she should not do it. But Katie was wise in her generation, and knew that to a man of means the parting from his native land need not be forever, and she was ready to go anywhere he wanted her to.

It was possible that he might have to go first, and at a very brief notice; but in that case she would go on with her preparations and wait till he could come back to fetch her. This was how affairs stood when Walter went to Thornycroft, and everybody was very well satisfied with the position, except for the fact that their pet and darling would be taken away from them. Katie was everyone's pet, and with good reason. She was about as bright a specimen of budding womanhood as England could produce.

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food.

as Wordsworth says of some one of his milk-and-water heroines. Not that Kate Crosbie was milk-and-watery in any sense of the word. She had a spirit of her own, and she could show it at times. She was just

A rosebud set with little, willful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her.

Her lover had chosen well in selecting her, if there is any selecting in love. She had had experience in the world's ways and a great many of its hardships. She had seen the prosperous side of life when she was very young, and she had to help her father to do the battle with it for their daily bread since she grew up. He was wont to say with loving tenderness that it was Kate that had kept things together, and prevented him from sinking into a helpless, spiritless wreck.

The prospect of parting with her was like looking forward to her death, but he could not bind himself to the advantage to be gained by the marriage. The gentleman was interesting himself to get him some more lucrative employment than that in which he was at present engaged, and Kate would be a lady if the African scheme was carried out. Walter was thinking of all this as he strolled about the works on the morning after his arrival, and speculating a little on what their unknown friend was like. His sister had no good portrait of her future husband.

He was one of those men who have an unconquerable aversion to having their likeness taken, and he had never sat properly for one. She had one of which she had possessed herself by unlawful means, she declared, and it certainly was not a superior specimen of the photographer's art. It had been taken at some fete, and was a blurred and distorted copy of the kindly, hearty face it purported to represent.

Katie declared she would keep it till she could get a better one, and her lover was fain to promise that he would sit for her on the first good opportunity, and let her have something respectable to remember him by. Her brother had seen the little case she so carefully hoarded, and laughed at her for keeping it, declaring it was impossible to tell what a man was like from such a thing as that; but she would not give it up. He was recalling it to himself as he stood by the ruins of the fallen chimney, when suddenly a man passed him so closely that he almost knocked against him.

It was not a workman, but someone in the dress of a gentleman, who went by with a hastily spoken apology. He looked up, and to his amazement saw the very face that he had been thinking of, or, at least, one so like it that it would have passed for the original of the portrait. A tall, dark man, with hair and beard arranged in the same way, and features that seemed to him the same.

"What tricks fancy plays us!" he said to himself, as he watched the stranger enter one of the houses belonging to the workpeople. "The thing grew into my head, I suppose. I wonder if Katie's lover is anything like that."

He went in to breakfast with an appetite hugely strengthened by his ramble, and found Mr. Thornycroft waiting for him, looking much more genial than he had been anticipating.

"I hope you have not been waiting long, sir."

"Only a few minutes, lad. Where have you been?"

"Not far—round about the works."

"That's right; look about and make yourself acquainted with the place. What sort of breakfast will you have—French or English? They have supplied us with both."

Walter laughingly said he did not think he could breakfast off sour wine and fruit, and Mr. Thornycroft poured out the coffee and handed him something more English in appearance than the fruit that decorated the table.

"I like a mixture," he said. "I am beginning already to finish with a slice of melon when I have had a substantial meal, but I confess that wine for breakfast does not suit my notions."

Walter finished his breakfast and tried the melon, declaring that he, too, liked it, and then they pushed their plates away, and sat talking for a little while before they proceeded to the business of the day. The young man told his friend of the gentleman who had passed him, and of his strange fancy that he was like his sister's lover.

"Ah, that would be the bridegroom," Mr. Thornycroft said. "By the way, you never told me who it is that your sister is going to marry. That unfortunate business last night put an end to our conversation."

"So it did. Did I not tell you his name?"

"No."

"That is odd. I thought I had."

"You did not, indeed. What is it?"

"Mark Dyson."

"What?"

"Mark Dyson. Rather a quaint-sounding name, is it not? Katie thinks it the very essence of all that is beautiful and romantic. What is the matter, Mr. Thornycroft? What have I said or done?"

"Nothing, lad, nothing. Are you quite sure?"

"Sure of what?"

"Of the name. You have made no blunder?"

"No."

"And he's a Queen's messenger, you say?"

"Yes."

"Where is he now?"

"In Italy, or on his way home. We are never quite sure where he is."

"And you recognized him just now?"

"Recognized him?" said the young man, looking at his companion in surprise. "No, certainly not. I have never seen him, you know. I saw a man whose face reminded me of the exceedingly bad portrait my sister keeps locked up amongst her treasures, that was all. I do not know Mr. Dyson."

"He is here. It was he whom you saw."

"What! the man who is going to be married?"

"Yes, Mark Dyson, a Queen's messenger. Your sister is being deceived, my lad; her lover is another woman's husband by this time!"

CHAPTER XVII.
WALTER'S FEARS CONFIRMED.
Confirmation strong
As proofs of Holy Writ.—SHAKESPEARE.

Walter Crosbie started to his feet with a scared look on his handsome young face.

"Deceived!" he said. "Our Katie? He could not be so wicked. No one could love her and then leave her!"

"It's the way of the world, my lad. Men *do* do such things. It is hardly likely there can be *two* men of precisely the same name in that particular branch of the service. It is not such a common one."

"No, if it is the same—it must be. What shall we do?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing!"

"No; we cannot prevent it. They are married by this time. All you can do is to protest against it, and I don't see what good that will do."

None, perhaps; but Walter felt as if he must go and look at the base deceiver, for all that. He left his unfinished breakfast, and walked away in the direction of the little church. The wedding was just over, and the bride and bridegroom were coming out of the building as he reached the door. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Trimmett, and followed by a few idlers—very few, for the time was so early, and was not the hour originally fixed for the ceremony. Muriel looked happy and at rest. The die was cast now, and she was Mark Dyson's wife—his "for better, for worse," till time should be no more for one of them. He did not look quite happy. There was no mistaking the love in his eyes when he looked down into the face of his girl-bride; but there was something else in his face as well. It seemed to the young man who stood watching him that there was fear in his expression—a nervous dread of being seen.

He certainly hurried from the church at a quick pace, and seemed impatient of even the few congratulations that were offered him. Walter watched them until they were inside the door of the Trimmetts' house, and then turned round, to see Mr. Thornycroft beside him.

"Well, lad," he said, "what will you do?"

"What you said just now, sir—nothing. I must go home and tell Katie."

"You must make inquiries first. We may be mistaken."

"*May*, but it is not likely. As you said, there are not likely to be two Mark Dysons. My poor sister! She will break her heart, she loves him so dearly."

"She won't break her heart over a villain, if she is a girl of spirit. You must make your inquiries quietly, my boy; you won't want all the world to know it."

"No, indeed; but I will be sure. I hope Katie will have strength of heart enough to 'whistle him down the wind' and forget him; but she is a loving, tender creature, and the blow will be terrible."

"It is always terrible to find out that we have been mistaken in anyone," Mr. Thornycroft replied. "Then you will not speak to the man himself?"

"I do not know him, and I should do no good. Besides ——"

"Besides what?"

"That poor girl—the one he has married—why should I spoil her life and wreck her happiness at the very outset? She has done nothing. She will find him out soon enough, if he is the villain he seems."

"If! There does not seem much doubt about it. Perhaps you are right. Whatever he is, she believes in him, poor thing. She will awake from her dream soon enough, without any help of ours."

They went back to the house after going into the church and looking at the entry in the register. There it was—the record of the marriage of Mark Dyson to Muriel Grant. Unless there were two men bearing the same name and following the same profession, pretty Katie Crosbie had lost her lover, and had been as cruelly deceived as ever trusting woman was since the world began.

The pair drove by while Walter was putting a few things hurriedly together to go to Paris, and perhaps from there to England, to carry the dismal tidings to his sister. He would not let it reach her through any other channel if he could possibly help it, and he would not go with a cock-and-bull story—he must be sure—and to make sure he went to Paris first, where he understood Mark Dyson was known.

Alas! he only found there the confirmation of his fears. Mark Dyson was no longer a Queen's messenger, and no one seemed to quite know what had become of him. His resignation had been quite sudden, and had only been ratified a day or two ago. His conduct was looked upon as something mysterious, and was spoken of in a covert animosity that expresses little in actual words, but sometimes means so much.

"It's all true; I feel it is," said the young man to himself, as he went his way, and prepared to go home with the news. "Poor Katie! Perhaps it is as well she should have her eyes opened now. It would have been an awful awakening after her marriage; and she believed in him so completely, poor girl!"

He was going with Mr. Thornycroft's full permission. Indeed, that gentleman had furnished him with funds for the journey, and told him to stay as long as he could be of any use to his father or Katie. Somehow or other, he felt a curious interest in trying to unmask this man, whom he had, with an odd instinct, disliked from his first appearance at the works. He found that not even Mrs. Trimmett knew where the newly-married pair were gone to, and he heard from that good lady of the sudden change in their plans about their house.

"He wants to keep out of sight," he said to himself, when he had heard all that she could tell him, and listened to her lamentations about not knowing where to write to Muriel. "I'll find him, and unmask him yet, the scoundrel! I shouldn't wonder if he has a dozen wives already in different places."

He forgot in his wrath that Muriel's husband had courted inquiry as to his antecedents, and that if there had been any obstacle in the way they would surely have heard of it. It was only poor Katie Crosbie that was deceived, and doubtless Mr. Lutterell knew nothing of the engagement. Walter wrote to him from Paris, telling him what he had heard there, but begging him to keep silence about the affair till he should have broken the news to his sister.

"It will all depend on how she takes it whether I pursue the fellow and have him punished," he wrote. "I shall be guided by her feelings in the matter entirely."

"And if she is the girl that I take her to be," Mr. Thornycroft thought, "she will let him go without a word. There are better men in the world than he, the scamp."

Before he went home, Walter called on Mr. Lutterell. He was not personally acquainted with that gentleman, but he thought the circumstances warranted his taking the liberty. He did not go to the office, but to his private house. Somehow he felt as if he could not talk of his sister's trouble in a place of business, and with the chance that someone not interested in the affair might possibly hear what he had to say. Mr. Lutterell was from home, he was told, but Mrs. Lutterell was in. Would he like to see her? There was something in his anxious face and manner that told the servant that his business was urgent, and he gladly accepted the offer.

"I do not know Mrs. Lutterell," he said. "But if she will see me I shall be glad."

The servant carried his name to his mistress, but Adrienne hesitated a little. She was not feeling very well, and her spirits were at zero. Somehow these American journeys of her husband had depressed her in a strange manner she could neither account for nor overcome, and she had grown to dread the sight of a strange face.

"I wish the young man would go to Mr. Judson," she said. "I do not know anything about the business."

"It is nothing about office-business, ma'am—he bade me say so. He is quite the gentleman, and he seems very urgent about it."

"Oh, well, if I must, I must. Show him in, James. I seem to have heard the name before somewhere," she said to herself, as she waited with her card in her hand, for Walter to appear. "I don't remember where. I have never seen him, though," she added, as the door opened to admit him. "A nice face, but troubled. What can he want, I wonder?"

Walter was charmed with the beautiful woman to whom he was introduced. He had rarely seen such a combination of loveliness and grace as were presented in Adrienne Lutterell. She set him at ease at once, and he felt able to tell his business without any difficulty.

"I am sorry Mr. Lutterell is from home," she said. "If your business is important, I am afraid I shall be a poor substitute."

"It is not business exactly," Walter replied. "It is a personal matter. If Mr. Lutterell is likely to be home soon, I need not trouble you with it."

"I am afraid you would have to wait longer than your patience would hold out," she replied, with a smile that was sad in spite of herself. "Mr. Lutterell is in America."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. He has been gone nearly a week. He will not be back under a month."

"Then I must trouble *you*. I want to make some inquiries about a Mr. Mark Dyson."

Adrienne smiled as she heard the name. Mark Dyson seemed to be uppermost in many people's minds just now.

"I do not not know Mr. Dyson personally," she said. "But I have heard about him lately."

"Then you know—you can tell me—where he is."

"Not exactly. I know he has gone to France to be married. I suppose it is over by this time."

"It is true, then!"

"True? Yes, I know it is true, for the clergyman of that place wrote to Mr. Lutterell for confirmation of his statement regarding himself. It was quite a romantic affair."

"Was it?"

"Yes. A case of love at first sight, or something of that sort. He has married a friendless young girl, without a penny of her own. I hope there is nothing wrong."

The last words were prompted by the look she saw on Walter Crosbie's face. It was very evident his inquiries about Mark Dyson had some unpleasant meaning.

"Oh, no. There is nothing wrong," was the reply. "Mr. Dyson is married, you say?"

"Yes."

"And there is no other gentleman of the same name in his profession—you know no other?"

"I never heard of any other."

"I thought I might have been mistaken," the young man said wearily; "that there were two of the name, maybe. He has pleased himself, of course, but it will be a bitter blow at home."

"I see there is something wrong in it," Adrienne remarked. "Can I be of any service, or Mr. Lutterell when he comes home? I am sure he will be happy to."

"No one can undo what has been done, madam. I cannot understand it. Mark Dyson was my sister's affianced husband. I left her not a week since preparing for her marriage, as happy and trusting a girl as any in the three kingdoms. Yesterday morning the man she has given her love to was married at Thornycroft to another woman. I am now on my road to tell her, poor girl!"

"Engaged to your sister?"

"Yes."

"What a strange affair! The circumstances of the marriage are so peculiar that I could not have believed any other engagement to have existed."

"It did, I assure you."

"I will fetch the letter that came from the clergyman, and the one the young lady herself wrote," Mrs. Lutterell said. "They will explain the whole thing better than all the talking. It is most inexplicable."

She went to the escritoire where her husband had put the letters, but they were not there.

"He must have taken them away, or destroyed them," she said. "They were not of much consequence. I can tell you what was in them, I think."

Walter listened like a man in a dream to the strange story of Mark Dyson's lovemaking. There was no mistake. Katie had been deceived, and he must take home the bitter story, and help her to bear her disappointment as best she could.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A WOMAN'S FAITH.

I believed thee true,
And I was blest in so believing.—MOORE.

"I am truly sorry for your sister," Adrienne said, when she had finished her story, and heard in her turn all that her visitor had to tell her. "I can hardly believe such a thing possible. Mr. Dyson's letters seemed to us so true and gentlemanly in every way. It seems almost impossible to think him a villain."

"He must be one, for all that. I cannot conceive what his motive could be. He was not entangled with Katie in any way. His love for her seems to have been spontaneous enough."

"There is no understanding men's motives for anything, I think," Mrs. Lutterell said, with a little sigh. She was just beginning to find out how hard it was always to understand those of her husband. "They do the most extraordinary things sometimes. I am very sorry that Mr. Lutterell is not at home, though I do not see what he could have done if he had been."

"Nothing, certainly. No one can do anything. He might have thrown a light on the character of the man, that is all."

He took his leave, Adrienne promising, if she ever heard anything that would explain matters at all to write to him at Thornycroft. She liked him very much, but so did everyone that knew him. He was a general favorite, was Walter Crosbie. He left the house very sadly, for there was nothing left now but to go home and tell Katie—Katie, who was busy with her preparations, and who was looking forward to her wedding with such bright, womanly faith and girlish delight. He felt as if he would almost rather jump into the river and carry himself and his tidings into the next world than have such a tale to tell.

His father's house was at Highgate, and it was evening when he reached it. It was a pretty place, for Katie's influence was everywhere, and she dearly liked pretty things. Her hands did most of the gardening that kept the little domain so charmingly fresh and bright. She had an ally in the shape of an old man, who worked for almost nothing, and had just sense enough to do what he was bid and work no mischief. People often wondered how it was that the garden looked so well; they would have understood it if they could have seen Katie's early-morning work and the pretty additions her hands were always making to the artistic whole of her flower *parterre*.

No one was visible but his aunt, sitting at her work at the open window of the family sitting-room, and she started up with a little cry of surprise and delight. She was afraid there was something the matter, but she was unfeignedly glad to see her boy again.

"My dear Walter," she exclaimed, starting up to greet him, "whatever has brought you back? I hope there is nothing wrong at Thornycroft."

"No, aunty; I shall do very well there."

"I am thankful to hear it. Your father has been very anxious."

"He need not be anxious about me. It is everything he could wish. Where is Katie?"

"In her room, dear. Poor girl, she has had such a disappointment. Her head ached with crying, and I told her she had better lie down a little while."

"A disappointment? What about?"

"About Mr. Dyson, dear. He ——"

"Does she know, then?" asked Walter, breaking in on whatever his aunt was going to say and not waiting for her to finish. "Who told her?"

"Know! Of course she knows. He told her so himself."

"Told her himself?"

"Yes."

"The scoundrel!"

"Why is he a scoundrel?" Miss Crosbie asked, looking as if she thought her nephew had gone suddenly out of his mind. "He was the only one to tell her; if he had not, we should have known nothing about it."

"He must be a worse villain than I thought him, if he could tell her of his own villainy. Poor Katie! How did she bear it?"

"Like her own brave little self," Miss Crosbie said. "She is terribly disappointed, of course, and nervous at the idea of his going so far away; but it is all for the best, and she will get over it. It is only a question of a few months, after all."

"Months! Do you know what you are talking about, aunty?"

"Surely. I am speaking of Mr. Dyson's going to Africa."

"Does he say he is going to Africa?"

"Of course he does. He is going—that is what Katie is so grieved about. He cannot even come to bid her good-bye."

"No, I am quite sure he cannot."

"Why? What do you know about it? The affair was only settled a few days ago. It is a secret, except to a few."

"I have no doubt. Most of his affairs have been secrets, I am afraid. Shut the door, aunty. Don't let Katie come in. He is not gone to Africa. He is married."

"Married?"

"Yes."

"But when? Where? Whom to?" gasped Miss Crosbie, hardly believing her ears. "Who told you? There must be some mistake. Someone has deceived you."

"No, it is true. I am here on purpose to tell you. He was married yesterday morning at Thornycroft. I saw him come out of the church myself with his bride on his arm, and drive off to the beginning of his honeymoon afterwards."

"But you don't know him, lad. It must have been someone else."

"No, it was not. It was the man who has been making Katie think his love was all hers, the scoundrel! I have not come home without proof. There is no mistake. I have been to a gentleman in London who knows him well, and to whom he referred the girl he has married for his character and antecedents. What his motives may have been I cannot think, but he has done this thing. He is another woman's husband, and Katie must forget him as fast as she can. That is all that is left to her now, poor girl."

"It will break her heart. She loved him so."

"I hope she will show more spirit than that. It will be an awful blow to her. What has he told her about Africa? Does he say he is going there?"

"Yes; you shall read his letter. Katie gave it to me to read. Here it is."

She drew a letter from her pocket—a capacious affair, in which she was in the habit of stowing all sorts of things, and anent which she had been teased by Walter in his boyish days most unmercifully, but which she declared was worth all outside thief-tempters in England.

"Poor Katie!" she said. "She kissed it when she got it, and said she was sure he was right, though it did give her an awful heartache. I cannot think, somehow, it is the letter of a scoundrel, Walter."

"He is one, anyway. Katie has had a narrow escape."

The letter was dated from Liverpool, and was certainly startling in its intelligence.

MY DEAR LITTLE WOMAN.—I hardly know how to begin what I have to say, for I know how grieved and disappointed you will be; and yet, dear, it is good news, after all, for it is the beginning of all we want. I cannot come to London now. There, I have made a beginning, and now, perhaps, I shall get on better. The African business is being hastened on; there are others trying to be first in the field, as I understand, and I have been asked if I can start in the Queen Esther. She sails to-morrow. There, the murder is out, for I have said 'Yes,' my poor lassie, and before you get this I shall be far down the river on my way. That's the black side of the picture. And my heart aches badly at the thought of going without a look at your bonnie eyes or a kiss of your rosy lips; but 'there's a silver lining to every cloud,' Katie, and ours has a very bright one. Now, I am going to begin to tell you the advantages. The weather is good; the Queen Esther is one of the best boats going, and I shall not be gone more than nine months at farthest, perhaps not more than six. I shall write by every possible opportunity. The post makes nothing of distances, you know, and you will have a letter before you know whether to expect one or not. I think you will be brave and trust me, dear. I have acted for the best.

And now for the grand piece of news, my darling—the one strong motive which has led me to accept this offer. If I succeed in doing what I am sent out to do—and I am sure of that, I think—I am to have twice as much pay as was at first proposed. Think of that when you seem inclined to despond, and picture to yourself a bright future without a care, for I don't think you will have any greater ones than the ordering of your house and the guidance of your accounts. Our fortune is made, little one, and I shall have a good home to offer you when this journey of mine is over. God bless you, my own Katie, and keep you safe and well till I come back to claim you, for I warn you I shall not give you much grace then, before I take you for my very own.

There was half a page more of messages to her father and aunt, and loving words to herself, and Walter read it, feeling as if he was in a dream. It was not certainly the letter of a villain, and yet there was no denying what he had seen, and what Mrs. Lutterell had confirmed.

"I will make inquiries at Liverpool," he said, "though I am sure it will be useless. He is not gone to Africa. He is somewhere in France."

"Who will tell Katie?"

"I will, if there is no one else to do it. My father would be the best, but he will shrink from the task, I know; yet it must be done."

"What must be done? Why, Walter, what on earth has brought you back to England?"

Katie herself stepped in through the open window as she spoke. There were traces of tears on her face and her eyes were red, but her voice was clear and ringing. Her grief was for her disappointment, not for any doubt of her lover.

Walter kissed her, and drew her into the easy-chair beside him.

"What is the mystery?" she said. "You and aunty look so awfully solemn. Have you been showing him Mark's letter? Isn't it dreadful, Walter?"

"There are worse things to bear than that, Katie."

"What do you mean?"

There was no hope for it. It had to be told, and Katie Crosbie heard the story of her lover's perfidy with her brother's arm around her and the firm clasp of his hand to give her courage. She needed none. Like a true woman, she refused to believe it. She declared that there was a blunder, that Walter had been deceived, and that her Mark was then on his road to Africa to make a home for her in the time to come.

She would not listen. She denounced all who had taken part in what she called a falsehood in no measured terms, and told her brother to go to Liverpool and find out the truth.

"Mark is gone," she said. "It is all a base imposture. But it will cost money," she added piteously, "and I have none—scarcely a penny."

"I have, Katie," her brother said. "Mr. Thornycroft provided me with whatever I should want to sift this thing to the bottom."

"Does *he* know?"

"Everyone about there knows," Walter replied. "It was no secret, my dear."

"I will not believe it. Mark is *mine*, and mine only. No other woman ever filled his heart; no other ever will hold place there while I live."

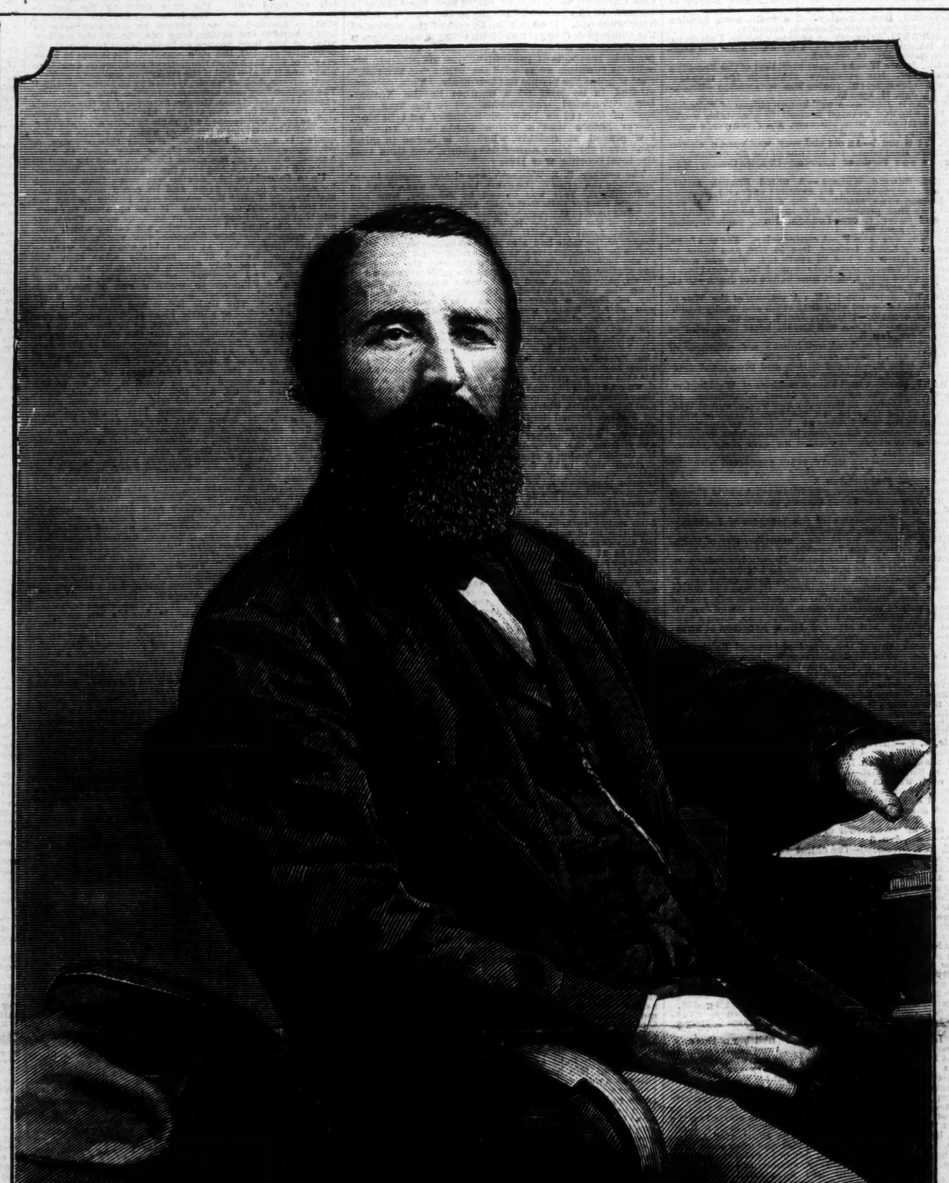
True woman, poor Katie! Full of faith in the absent loved one, even in the teeth of her brother's news.

"I will not cry," she said; "I have no need for tears. Whatever the juggling may be, it is none of his doing. He went from Liverpool in the Queen Esther, and the first mail will bring me a refutation of this cruel slander."

They would not argue with her; but Walter went on to Liverpool that same night, without waiting to see his father, leaving his aunt to tell him of what had happened.

He went to the shipping-office, where the intelligence he wanted was to be obtained, and saw the list of the passengers on board the Queen Esther. The ship had duly sailed, as she was advertised to do; but no such person as Mark Dyson had gone in her. The berths had all been taken for some days, and no alterations had been made in the people who occupied them.

TO BE CONTINUED.



HENRY CHADWICK, BASEBALL AND CRICKET EDITOR.

For Biographical Sketch see page 340.

FLOWERS OF THE NEW-YEAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY PHILLIPS HAWLEY.

A crown of blossoms for the infant year,
A wreath of flow'rets for the baby brow;
Pluck garlands fragrant from the woodlands drear,
That he the chilling Winter shall not fear
Who wakens now.

Pink antlered hawthorn we should love to bring,
As did Athenian maids on bridal-day;
But, cherub-boy, alone the lovely Spring,
When in thy youthful day she claims thee king,
Such tributes pay.

But now we offer golden pæonos bright
Of flagrant gorse, whose waving branches kiss
The snow-clad huts, far up the dizzy height,
Or folds its blossoms o'er some eyrie light
With freedom's bliss.

The modest snowdrop which the sunbeams woo,
Whose fragile bells so gently tremble nigh,
Entwined with fairies' fire of crimson hue,
That smiling peers the snow-wreaths lightly through,
So pure and shy.

These are the flowers we give thee, gentle child,
Within thy dimpled hands and on thy brow;
These are the garlands, from the woodlands wild
That breathe their fragrance o'er thee low and mild,
Who wakens now.

Jackson, Mich., Jan. 1, 1880.

ADIRONDACK SALAD.
PREPARED BY THE CLIPPER'S OWN COOK.

When Prince Billy Florence and Lord Sothern come up here for fish and recreation and ideas and that sort of thing, they not only put up with the inconvenience of camp-life, but they solemnly affirm that they like it. Perhaps they do. The Mongolians like rats fricasseed, and the Icelanders count tallow candles a delicacy. However, to those who are neither princes nor lords camp-life gets to be a little wearisome after a time. Although a sportsman by courtesy of the Adirondack dialect, it should be remembered that the maker of this salad cares little and knows less about hunting and fishing. He is not here for the fun of the thing, but to fight the last and decisive round with a vicious and generally victorious antagonist. This fellow challenged the salad-maker two years ago; and, though he stalked straight into the office of THE CLIPPER, he left no deposit with the editor, signed no articles of agreement, but simply insisted that the stake should be life. Irregular as all these proceedings were, the salad-maker was compelled to accept the terms and take up the battle. And that is why he is here, in the Adirondack wilderness.

I have thought it necessary to inflict this much of personal history upon the reader that he may the better understand the object of camp-life, when that object is confessedly other than sport. Camping-out is generally associated, I take it, with salt pork, beds of hemlock boughs, rubber blankets, seductive flasks and a good deal of discomfort, which is perversely declared to be fun. You can camp it that way here, if you choose; but you can also camp it in another and very different way. To illustrate, take a look at THE CLIPPER camp.

The spot is properly a peninsula—a high piece of ground, twenty feet or more above the level of Osgood Lake, forming a bluff as seen from the water, and having a gradual declivity towards the South. The lake stretches itself around this point of land so as to form a bay, thus giving a water-back as well as a water-front. Facing the lake and in a line with the precipitous bank are the bark buildings and canvas tents which collectively make up the camp. First comes "the cabin." This is built with a framework of spruce poles and planks, and covered with pine bark. Its interior measures about ten feet by eight, while the porch in front, over which the roof projects, adds six feet to its length. Both the interior and porch are floored with planks, while a couple of rustic seats (they are very rustic) give the latter a comfortable look. The cabin is waterproof, has its window, door and stove, and is altogether a snug place. You will find inside an easy lounge, some shelves with books and magazines, a couple of rifles hanging on the walls, a chair or two, and a table. In these cool, Autumnal days the cabin is made to serve as a dining-room, but in warmer weather our eating was done in the arbor erected for that purpose. Next to the cabin and a dozen or so feet beyond it is the tent. It is not a very big tent, compared with those I used to get into by watching my chances and lifting up the side canvas—still, it serves its purpose. On a pinch you might exhibit a skeleton in it, or a dwarf, or even a learned pig; but it would never do at all for the fat woman or the giant. It measures thirteen feet by ten. It is floored with planks and furnished with a bed, a stove, a writing-table, a washstand and a couple of easy-chairs. To afford greater protection from the rain, a second covering of canvas is stretched over the tent proper, with a space of ten or twelve inches between. This is called a fly, and it is really a racket to which every fellow should be fly who contemplates living under canvas. The tent is perfectly dry, even in the drenching rains, which sometimes continue three or four days on a stretch. Beyond the tent, in line with it, are two more bark buildings, the first the Queen Esther's and the second the pantry and storeroom. This latter has a trap-door leading into a cellar, where ice (which is easily obtainable here) keeps the temperature beef-preservingly cold. In addition to these rustic structures there are the guides' quarters, the open arbor, benches here and there, and a boat-landing.

So much for the exterior appearance of THE CLIPPER camp. As for life here, it must, as I have hinted, be a trifle monotonous to those bred in cities. But it should not be assumed that there is anything of privation or hardship about it. You get up in the morning when you feel like it—say nine o'clock. (Physicians agree now that early rising is pernicious, if not absolutely dangerous.) You dress and wash at all the conveniences for making your toilet, and when you step from the tent into the crisp morning-air you ought to be hungry and thankful. A breakfast—better, probably, than you are accustomed to get—is ready, steaming hot. Excellent butter, smoking muffins, strong, fragrant warm you! shall not give you much grace then, before coffee, and eggs which no man ever saw longer ago than yesterday; a dish of dainty trout now crisply fried in cracker crumbs, but two hours ago chasing flies in the water; baked or fried potatoes, with a leaf of fresh salad; milk that raises more cream to the square inch than the cyclopedias find does to the acre; and with all this, the inevitable wheat-cake, hot from the griddle, served with a generous supply of maple syrup. It is well on to ten o'clock before you have made an end of your breakfast, and the day be what it may, fair, you may lounge under the trees and read the daily-papers—two days old, to be sure, but fresh up here. Or you may take a turn on the lake or try your hand at fishing. Somewhere about one o'clock you are expected to grapple with a lunch of cold beef or chicken or mutton, bread and butter, milk, fruit and cake. Then you may sleep, or read or write, or philosophize, or wander off to explore the surrounding forests—do anything, in short, that your fancy dictates. At six o'clock you sit down to a dinner as good as any man ought to eat—roast venison or lamb, green-corn, tomatoes, potatoes, cucumbers, squash and beets, with a tempting entree or two in the shape of frogs' legs or game, salad and a blueberry pudding, not lacking brandy-sauce. After that a cigar and a roaring camp-fire; or, later in the season, a fire in the tent, the student-lamp lighted, and a game of chess, checkers, backgammon or cards, at your preference. Then bed.

Is a fellow deserving of much sympathy who has to lead this sort of life? Not, surely, if he be free from physical pain and strong enough to carry out the above programme. And even if he is not free from pain and not strong—even if he has an allotted task to perform each day which costs him a pretty severe effort for an invalid—the result—even then he stands in no need of pity, so far, at least, as his creature wants are concerned. All the comforts—pretty much all the luxuries, in fact, of civilization—are within his reach. And if, in addition, he finds himself gaining, no matter how slowly—finds himself breathing a new lease of life under these pine trees—he surely is to be congratulated, rather than commiserated with.

You will do me the favor to bear in mind that this sketch of a camp is specific, not general. Moreover, the manner of life described is essentially that of the invalid. If you come up here to hunt for anything except health, you cannot reasonably expect to enjoy all these comforts. The camp of a week is not apt to be overburdened with luxuries; but the camp which serves as a place of habitation during half the year can easily be made homelike and attractive. This is always on the presumption that you pitch your tent within easy reach of some one of the Adirondack inns. Here, in the St. Regis region, the camper-out turns to "Paul" Smith with much greater fidelity than the needle of the compass I bought when I came up here turns to the pole. At "Paul" Smith's you can get anything and everything in the way of supplies, from salt pork to olives, from chewing-tobacco to religious tracts. Your table is supplied partly from the year-round inhabitants, who farm the few acres that are farmable; partly from the hotel, and spasmodically by yourself or your guide in the way of venison, partridges and trout. The hotel furnishes you also with ice and many dainties, with boats, guides, fishing-tackle, and, on a pinch, with a good string of fish. It is the medium through which you get your mail daily, and communicate by telegraph with the great world outside. It is the sun, in short, which warms and vivifies these planetary camps, and supplies their dwellers with lager at twenty-five cents a bottle. Why ask for any higher civilization than that?

MRS. SMITH always empties the crumbs from the bread plate on the parapet. Smith, coming in one day and seeing about a dozen sparrows pecking at the crumbs, said to Mrs. S., in his ready-witty way: "The proper name for this parapet would be *the sparrows, pas!*"

FROM GRAVE TO GAY.—Turning churchyards into gardens.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

[For answers to amusement questions, see first page of Theatrical Record."]

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

M. J. M., *Jersey City.*—It was the duty back of the table-keeper or the proprietor to call game when he did, that being in accordance with the rules, which declare the game won and ended as soon as one of the players has so far advanced his score that none of the others can tie or surpass it by actually pocketing balls. To have not enforced his right in this instance might have rendered him amenable to the charge of favoritism. Had both players agreed to continue the game until the remaining ball were pocketed, then the proprietor might have waived his right under the rule. The player who was 27 when game was called is the loser. Apart from any agreement to play off, he also loses the last preceding game, under the rule that makes ties subject to the standing of the tiers at the time the next succeeding game is won, unless the tiers shall have agreed to settle the tie in some other way. There is an erroneous idea among many pool-players that the game is not ended so long as the object-ball remains that will enable low man to surpass the score of some other player, and there are players who even go so far as to contend that the game cannot end so long as there is any object-ball on the table. It comes of some roomkeepers waiving their right to call game as soon as high man cannot be tied by balls pocketed. This is merely a concession on the roomkeeper's part, the same as if he permitted the players to use his table without paying for it. The players cannot demand it as a right.

H. J., *Jersey City.*—As to the question of the 25 without taking any balls off the table, the presumption is that the giver of the odds never designed that he was to pocket balls on the 61 while the other was to pocket up to 36. Had he intended to do that, the way to have gone to work about it would have been to give him 25 in actual balls. It is, however, pretty clear that it was intended to adopt the usual process, which requires the odds-giver to pocket 23 in balls, and the odds-receiver to pocket 48, irrespective of scratches. In any view, the giver of odds was wrong in claiming game when he made 59 to the other's 52 clear, inclusive of odds; for, if it was his intention to play himself up to 61 while his opponent was making 36, that intention could still be carried out, as there were 28 in balls yet on the table, and the receiver of the odds had to get but nine more to cover his scratches and make him winner of the game. Had no odds been given, the leading player could have claimed out on 59, for the reason that his opponent could not find balls enough to pocket to overcome his scratches and get to 60. Our decision is that in no view is the odds-giver winner of the game, and this decides the outside bet. As to the game, our decision is that the odd is given or must make 75 clear, and his opponent 46 clear.

PATTEE, Lynn.—If you were in the habit of playing poker dice as it ought to be played, there would have been no dispute or wager in this case. It is a game for skill in each throw can urge an extenuating circumstance. The outsider can be adjudged loser only by decoding that the game was not poker-dice, poker-dice properly played values hands as he was betting. On the other hand, a game that was being called poker-dice had been going on for an hour or more, and all 6 aces had been played to beat sixes. The outsider should have known this, if he was there; yet he may not have been there all or even much of the time, and he could have been there for the last deal without knowing how the game was being played. The bet had better be drawn. At the same time the youngsters are trying to make a case for the outsider, it is well to bear in mind that there are too many old players yet living for them to succeed. Poker-dice is thirty years old or more, and at its best is always a losing game to one. There is no objections to the youngsters agreeing that nothing shall beat anything, but they must avoid disputes on that point with outside parties.

F. S. W., Denver.—We have scarcely the space to again discuss so old a problem so soon after our issue of Jan. 3, in which the case was fully stated. You ask us to assume that the value of the horse was eighty dollars when the transactions were started. Why should we, when we know that its value was one hundred dollars—neither more nor less? That was what it was worth. It may have been worth but fifty cents to some people, or ten thousand dollars to others; it may have been a gift to the man, or one he stole; but the question of ownership does not make any difference, because the practical value of a thing is just what it brings when sold. Therefore, this horse was worth one hundred dollars, no matter what title to begin with. The moment you begin to assume that the horse may have been worth more or less than the price he originally brought in these transactions, you cease to have any basis upon which to determine the value of the transactions, and the problem, as such, falls to the ground. There can be no answer to it.

DARE.—Having acknowledged that his opponent's hand was good, and allowed him to take in the pot, the player has no longer any claim to the money, even though he should afterward discover that he had made a mistake and thereby held four aces. The time to discover his error was before he gave his decision as to the value of his antagonist's hand. The player may not be to blame for making such a kind, which are sneaked. All he had to do was to show down his cards without saying anything. The cards would have done for him all the talking that was necessary. There is no analogy between a player's giving a value to his own hand by calling it more or less than it is, and his giving a value to his opponent's by saying that it was. The former is covered by a special rule, which permits the player to call ace-high when he has four aces, and permits him to win by showing his aces, regardless of his call. There is no rule that permits him to expressly vive up the pot and afterwards to claim it.

J. M. E., Knoxville.—You will probably never have a board that is worth looking at. Nature has designed that hair will mar some faces, and hence she withholds it. There is nothing that will torce the growth of hair except hair, and that will produce a positive crop

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 343.

DRAMATIC.

WILL H. GILLETTE'S comedy of "The Professor" was given in the Grand Opera-house, New Haven, Ct., 8 and 10, to only moderate business. We published the story of its plot when it was played in the West some months ago. One of the attractions of the piece is the singing of the college songs and glees by the students. Mr. Gillette assumed the title-role, and was supported by Miss Georgie Cayvan and a fair company. They played in Hartford 9, and are to open at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, 12, for one week.....The Madison-square Theatre Company are billed 16, 17, at Coe's Opera-house, George Edgar and company play "Othello" 13, Oliver Doud Byron comes 14, and "Strategists" company 16, 17.

DEN THOMPSON in "Joshua Whitcomb" played to a large audience in Rand's Opera-house, Troy, N. Y., Jan. 5; Criterion Comedy Company in "Freaks" 8, 9. Mary Davenport was taken sick with fever from cold after the performance 8. She did not play 9, and is to remain there until 12, when she hopes to rejoin company in Albany. Emmet in "Fritz in Ireland" had a full matinee and a jammed evening-house 10.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH and company closed an engagement of four nights and a matinee in the Richmond Theatre Jan. 10. Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle" is announced for 14. Phillips Bowers-Thompson Company will fill out the remainder of the week. Fanny Davenport follows 19, for four nights.

AT THE PARK THEATER, Indianapolis, Ind., Robson and Crane, supported by their own combination, gave "One Hundred Nights" Jan. 5, for the first time here, repeating it 6 and at matinee 7. "The Comedy of Errors" at night closed their engagement. Business good. Our correspondent says: "D. E. Hughes has not gone to Cincinnati to locate, as reported by a paper of that city. He is at present temporarily engaged at Henck's.....Daniel Macauley recovered judgment for $285 against McKee Rankin in one of the courts here Jan. 7, on account of that scenery alleged to have been borrowed by 'Sandy' in 1875, and not returned.....The Grand has been unoccupied for two weeks, and will remain closed until 15, when Maggie Mitchell comes for four performances.....On the 9th Albert M. Palmer of the Union-square Theatre, New York, through his attorneys, Rooker & Norton, filed a bill in the United States Court, in this city, for an injunction against Sam R. Vilia to prevent him from further infringing upon the rights of said Palmer by playing 'The Ranker's Daughter' and 'A Celebrated Case.' The Villa Combination is at present in the northern part of this State, along the line of the Peru and Lake Shore Railroads."

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Cleveland, O., John T. Hinds and a company appeared in "Tre Colleen Bawn" Jan. 5, 6, 7, 8, to poor business. The G. C. Howard Combination performed "Uncle Tom's Cabin" 9, and "Fanchon the Cricket" 10, to business light. The Minnie Palmer "Boarding-school" open 12, for one week.....Aldrich & Parsloe's Combination open in the Opera-house 12. and McKee Rankin 26, for one week each..... Manager L. G. Hanna of the Opera-house was brought to "time" by his ex-pugilistic dog 6. It was an elegant gold watch and chain.

AT HEUCK'S OPERA-HOUSE, Cincinnati, O, the following dates are open for dramatic, operatic or novelty combinations: March 1, 22, April 5, 12, 26, and the whole of May and June. Can guarantee and guarantee to give all pieces a first-class mounting, and in their card elsewhere they refer to several stars who have played there.

BERG'S "HEARTS OF OAK" COMBINATION opened in Grand Rapids, Mich., Jan. 5, for one week and did a good business. They will strike Lansing 12, 14, Jackson 15, 16, and Ann Arbor 17.

FROM CINCINNATI our correspondent writes Jan. 10: "Minnie Palmer's 'Boarding-school' has drawn well at the Grand. Beyond a tendency to exaggerate and to imitate Lotta, the star has taken well. Mr. Scanlan has also pleased. The Nice Surprise Party opens 12.....Ada Cavendish opened at Pike's 5 to light business, which increased nightly. 'Lady Clancarty' was given all the week. Sam Piercy as Lord Clancarty fairly shared the honors with the star. Miss Cavendish remains another week. The 'Banker's Daughter' follows 12.....F. S. Chanfrau opened in 'Kit' at Heuck's 6, being prevented by fog on the Ohio from reaching the city 5. Instead, Anna Boyle played 'Fanchon' 5, and took well. Houses since have been packed."

THE FRENCH, R. I., OPERA-HOUSE was occupied for the week ending Jan. 10 by the Bos'on Theatre Company in "Drink" to fair audiences. Harry Bloodgood's Minstrels are billed for 12 and 13, and Mary Anderson appears 15, 16, 17.....At Low's Opera-house Uncle Dan'l Rice, "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe, at the Corinthian Academy of Music Jan. 6, 7, "My Partner" was produced to good business.

THE HYERS SISTERS' COMBINATION are very favorably spoken of by *The Zanesville (O.) Times* and other papers, which have appeared in this and our advertising department. Managers desiring to arrange dates can also find T. Brigham Bishop's address in the same department.

TONY DENIER'S "HUMPTY DUMPTY" TROUPE are billed in Charleston, S. C., Jan. 12, 13, Columbia 14, Augusta, Ga., 16, Athens, 17, Atlanta 19, 20.

NEW-YEAR'S GREETINGS.—We acknowledge the receipt of a New-Year's card from Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight, who were then playing in Stockton, Eng.

WILLIAM R. RICKS, assistant treasurer of the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, died at his home in Covington, Ky., Jan. 5, after a painful illness of inflammation of the bowels. His funeral took place 7.

MUSICAL.

A DOUBLE WEDDING.—At the residence of the brides' parents, in Jackson, Mich., Dec. 30, Henry Berger of the Berger Family Concert Company and Charles Frank, formerly of that troupe, and now of the Emma Abbott Opera Company, respectively led to the altar the Misses Carrie and Addie Wood, twin sisters, who are said to resemble each other so closely that a familiar acquaintance is necessary to distinguish one from the other. The brides were respectively the recipients of numerous valuable presents, and shortly after the ceremony a bountiful repast was partaken of. Later Mr. and Mrs. Berger left for Tecumseh, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank for Chicago, Ill. Among the gifts were a silver tea-set of six pieces from Mrs. Berger to Carrie; silver cake-basket, Fred Berger to Carrie; china chocolate-set, Mrs. Berger to Addie; pair silver and Bohemian glass vases, C. H. McConnell to Addie; pair diamond ear-drops, Mr. Pratt to his bride; pair diamond ear-drops, Henry Berger to his bride; Decker upright piano, Mr. Pratt to his bride; unique silver, satin-lined jewel-casket, Mr. McConnell to Addie; silver match-safe—Liberty bell with Goddess of Liberty—Mr. McConnell to Carrie; elegant family Bible, bound in morocco, set of jewelry, came set with pearls, and complete set of Dickens' works handsomely bound, Mr. Pratt to Carrie; two sets Duchess-lace barbs and cuffs, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bennett—one set to each; silver fish-set, Miss Etta Morgan to Carrie; silver butter-knife, pickle-fork and sugar-spoon, Miss Maddox to Carrie; solid silver-mounted toilet-set of six pieces, Mrs. Leigh Lynch, *nee* Annie Berger, to Carrie; celluloid toilet-set, Mrs. C. M. Patridge to Carrie; silver pie-knife, Miss Blimlen to Addie; silver-mounted Dickens, Mrs. Weed to Carrie; glass and silver fruit-dish, Mrs. West to Addie; pair cut-glass bottles perfumery, Mrs. Geo. H. Porter—one to each; two baskets flowers, Mrs. Ben. Glasgow—one to each; pair silver-mounted vases, Mrs. W. Fowler—one to each; pair blue and white satin toilet-cushions and perfume-sachets, Mrs. Thos. J. Conely—one to each; pair vases, Miss Jessie Pringle—one to each; silver and gold card-case, Mrs. Blemlien—to carrie; two embroidered satin and ivory fans, Mr. McConnell—one to each; double cabinet-album bound in royal blue velvet on silver stand, Henry Berger to Addie; two baskets flowers, Miss Nellie Ransom—one to each; beautiful bouquet of callas and other choice flowers, Mrs. Austin—to both; pair cut-glass vinagrettes and pair lace barbs, Mrs. Geo. Stewart—one to each; pair cut-glass cologne-bottles, Miss Clara Turner—one to each.

"SONGS OF THE STREET" is the title of a medley published by Chadsey & Smith, who advertise.

THE CLEMENT BROTHERS' CONCERT COMPANY are announced to sing in Chase, Neb., Jan. 12, Sharon 13, Woodstock, Ill., 14, Harvard 15, Rockford 16, Pecatonica 17.

W. L. GOODSPEED, double-bass and cornet player, advertises for an engagement.

HAVERLY'S JUVENILE OPERA COMPANY presented "Pinafore" in the Euclid-avenue Opera-house, Cleveland, O., the past week to fair business. Our correspondent says: "Little Eva French joined the company here, and sang the part of Buttercup 6 for the first time. She received repeated encores for her singing and acting. They are to play in Columbus, O., Jan. 12, 13, Youngstown 14, Oil City 15, Titusville 16, Erie 17, Rochester, N. Y., 19, 20, 21, Auburn 22, Syracuse 23, 24, Utica 26, Troy 27, 28, Albany 29, 30, 31."

THE D'OYLEY CARTE OPERA COMPANY are to present "The Pirates of Penzance" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music Jan. 14 at a matinee.....Gilmore's "Columbia" was performed at the Academy Jan. 10 to a fair house, the anthem being rendered by a large chorus.

MISS EMMA THURSBY, supported by her own company, appeared in concert at the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, Jan. 8 to a large audience, nearly all the seats in the lower part of the house being occupied.

MUSICAL JOTTINGS FROM CHICAGO, ILL.—"At Haverly's, the Chicago Church-choir Company appeared the past week in 'Trial by Jury' and 'Pinafore' to excellent business. This was their first appearance here in the first-named piece. A novelty of its production was the appearance of Miss Jessie Bartlett in the role of the Counsel, being the first woman, we believe, to assume the part. During the week, Mrs. Louis Falk, Miss Ada Somers, and Mrs. S. C. Ford of Cleveland (new to us) alternated in the roles of Josephine and Hebe. Philip Fried as Ralph was also new. The orchestra was led by Armand Buisseret. John R. McWade (Capt. Corcoran) quit the company here. They go to South Bend, Ind., 12; through Michigan the rest of the week. Mapleson Opera Company 12, for two weeks, opening in 'Martha.'.....At the Music Hall, Thursby drew very large audiences 5, 7.....George Loesch, formerly leader at Hooley's, has gone into partnership with Gill of 'Our Goblins' Party."

THE KATE THAYER Concert Company made their first appearance in Columbus, O., Jan. 9, to a fair house. Our correspondent says: "Miss Thayer, who is a stranger to our people, has a sweet soprano voice, which yields in an accomplished manner. Mme. Teresa Carreno carried off the honors of the evening by her skillful playing, she being one of the best pianists who have visited us. Mrs. Helen Norman has a rich contralto voice, and her singing of the ballad 'Just as of Old' drew forth rounds of applause. Signor Tagliapietra sang 'Christmas' in his usual effective style. One of the main attractions of the evening was the cornet-solos of M. Arbuckle. The concert closed with a charming arrangement of 'Shubert Serenade' for cornet and soprano, which was ably rendered by Miss Thayer and M. Arbuckle."

ALICE OATES' OPERA COMPANY, under Sam. T. Jack, appeared in Coe's Opera-house, New Haven, Ct., Jan. 8, 9, in "The Little Duke" and "Giroflé Girofla," to good business. Ella Caldwell, sister of Annie Caldwell, a present member, joined the company there 9. The Yale Glee Club returned from their Western concert tour 8.....A company of people from Guilford, Ct., appeared in Nathan Hall, Birmingham, Ct., Jan. 5, in "Pinafore," under the name of the Boston Church Choir. As the receipts did not balance the expenditures, the company were obliged to remain over 6, while the manager raised a sufficient sum to take them to New Milford, their next stand.

THE ADAH RICHMOND Comic-opera Company, who played in Louisville, Ky., Jan. 8, 9, 10, are to open in Cincinnati 12, for one week. Frankfort, Ky., 19, Lexington 20, 21, Richmond, Ind., 22, Columbus, O., 23, 24.

THE STRAKOSCH ITALIAN-OPERA COMPANY, who attracted large-sized audiences in Washington, D. C., the past week, are to sing in Baltimore, Md., this week.

"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE," Gilbert and Sullivan's latest and most successful work, which is now being played to large audiences in this city, will be put on the road by Manager Colley Cave shortly. He is organizing several companies to play the opera, and requests artists and managers to address him as per card, to which amateur singers are also referred.

WILDES & CO. are offering new music at low figures. Their card explains why they do it.

THE BERGEN ELITE CONCERT COMPANY are to play in Somersville, Ind., Jan. 12, Rushville 13, Shelbyville 14, Columbus 15, Madison 16, New Albany 17, Shelbyville, Ky., 19, Frankfort 20, Versailles 21, Georgetown 22, and Lexington 23.

KATY THAYER'S CONCERT COMPANY are to sing in Paris, Ill., Jan. 12, Danville 13, Bloomington 14, Springfield 15, St. Louis, Mo., 16, Sedalia 17.

E. A. ANDRE, musical director and violin, euphonium and xylophone soloist, publishes his address in another column.

THE ADELPHI VAUDEVILLE TROUPE, W. F. Williams manager, are to perform in Summit, N. J., Jan. 12, Morristown 13, Dover 14, Washington 15.

MAHN'S "FATINITZA" OPERA COMPANY is to sing under the direction of Manager Mishler in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Jan. 12, Newark, N. J., 13, 14, Lancaster, Pa., 15, Pottsville 16, Reading 17.

HELEN POTTER'S PLEIADES played to moderate business Jan. 2 and 3 at the Academy of Music, Minneapolis, Minn ; thence to St. Paul 5, 6, Stillwater 7, Faribault 8, Owatonna 9, Austin 10, Waterloo 12, Marshalltown 13, Des Moines 14, Fairfield 16, and Mt. Pleasant 17. Booked at Academy: Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence 9, 10. Rentz-Santley Minstrels 12, 13, Harry Webber ("Nip and Tuck") 19, 20.

IDEAL OPERA TROUPE in "Pinafore" and "Fatinitza" appeared to good business Jan. 9, 10, at the Detroit (Mich.) Opera-house. Mapleson comes Feb. 9, 10, 11.

MUSICAL MATTERS IN BOSTON, MASS.—"The second and last week of Her Majesty's Italian Opera at the Boston Theatre, ending Saturday night, performance Jan. 10, has proved artistically most successful, and satisfactory in financial results, the theatre each evening being well filled and crowded in every part of and matinee 10. Jan. 12 Flavio Maggi' was given, in which two American claas—Clara Poole and Fannie Lovers—made their first appearance. The company left for Chicago evening of 10.....A highly spiced story has been going the rounds of our local papers, to the effect that a chorister of Her Majesty's Opera Company was the hero of a midnight ride in a prominent conveyance with a lady. Since the pith is lost when it is stated that the pseudo singer is not and never was in the employ of Colonel Mapleson.....William H. Sherwood's piano recital, announced to be given at the Blind Asylum, Jan. 5, was postponed, owing to an accident befalling the pianist.....The Orpheus Musical Society have elected the following officers for the present year: President, Louis Weissbein; vice president, F. H. Underwood; recording secretary, A. F. Gaenslen; corresponding secretary, Robert Gems; director, Carl Pflengol; treasurer, Isidore Eichberg; first librarian, C. W. R. Langerfeldt; second librarian, Joseph Record.....The Euterpe gave their second concert in Mechanics' Hall 7, the performers being Edouard Heimendahl, first-violin; Gustav Dannenther, second-violin; Thomas Ryan, viola; and Frederic Grese, 'cello .....The Park Theatre opens its doors for the first time on a Sunday evening 11, and presents a company including Josephine Bell, soubrette; Phil Ryce, contralto; the Weber Quartet; W. R. Bateman and E. F. Weber, tenors; W. L. Vival and G. R. Titus, bassos; and the Spanish Students. The managers and lessees of the Howard Athenæum have offered $5,000 for the New England right to Gilbert and Sullivan's 'The Pirates of Penzance,' which, if they are successful in procuring, they will produce with the Ideal Company in this city during the premises.....Frederic Clay, copartner with Gilbert in 'Princess Toto,' is unable to procure an opening for that work at present; but it will be heard here before long, probably.....Charles R. Adams' season of English opera, which was to be given at the Globe Theatre in the early Spring, has been postponed till May. The new Sonnambula, 'Sea Cadet,' under the title of 'The Royal Middy,' will be produced at the Boston Museum during the Spring.....The Hasleton opera will commence at the Globe Theatre Feb. 2; during the term Boito's 'Mefistofele' will be sung for the first time in America.....Josef Hoffman, the pianist, and the Boston Philharmonic orchestra, Bernhard Listemann leader, announces concerts in Music Hall 13, 16, and matinee 17.....An evening of music and readings will be given at Union Hall 14 by Mrs. W. L. Scandlin, pianist; Prof. S. Brown, instrumentalist; J. F. Fazeltine, accompanist; and Gertrude E. Moore, elocutionist. The cantata of 'Ruth' is to be sung at the Somerville Orpheus 14.....Members of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association will be entertained at their hall 15 with readings by Minnie Osgood, songs by Ada Palmer and a violin solo by Miss Sawyer, by H. Hartman, J. D. Jones accompanist.....The third concert by the Harvard Musical Association will be given in Music Hall 14, assisted by Miss Lena Weil, vocalist, and William H. Sherwood, pianist.....The Criterion Coterie, composed of Carlyle Petersilyea, pianist; Chas. Atkinson and Clara Ellard, elocutionists; Geo. Fischer, clarionet-ist; William Zeus, violinist; August Damre, flute-soloist; Ellen D. Barrett, soprano; and Charles T. Copen, accompanist, appear in a programme of music and readings at the Dudley-street Opera-house 15.....Prof. Parker's violin classes of the Boston Conservatory of Music give a recital at Union Hall afternoon of 16.....Mme. Hunnley Piccioli, with the aid of the Boston Philharmonic Quintette, gives a concert in Music Hall 29.." Letter dated Jan 11.

BARTLETT'S BOSTON ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY perform in Lynch, Ky., Jan. 12, Whitehead 20, Amesbury 21, Newburyport 22, Dover, N. H., 23.

D. S. THOMAS and his Lilliputian Opera Company are to amuse the people of Sherburne, N. Y., 12, Morrisville 13, Brookfield 14, Barron 15, Newport 16, St. Johnsbury 17, West Randolph 19, South Royalston 20, Woodstock 21, Windsor 22, Hanover 23, Claremont 24.

THE ROCKVILLE (MASS.) MILITARY BAND gave a concert Jan. 7, with the assistance of Miss Gertie Edmands, contralto; Misses E. L. Fuller, Carrie Locke and Mrs. W. F. Griffin, sopranos; Mrs. A. H. Wood, pianist; Mr. W. O. H. Gabriel, reader; George A. Dusseault, pianist; and the Choral Union Quartet.

THE first concert by the Boston Philharmonic Orchestra, Bernard Listemann director, and Miss Ita Welch, vocalist, was given in Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 8.

THE ALICE OATES COMIC-OPERA COMPANY are to play in Watertown, Ct., Jan. 12, Ansonia 13, Meriden 14, Willimantic 15, Norwich 16 Woonsocket, R. I., 18, Fall River, Mass., 19, Newport, R. I., 20, Brockton, Mass., 21, Taunton 22, New Bedford 23, Chelsea 24.

THE IDEAL OPERA COMPANY, who sang "Pinafore" Jan. 6 and "Fatinitza" 7 in St. James Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., to large business, are booked in Erie 8, Detroit 9, 10; thence to Cincinnati, for one week.

A CONCERT was given in Jamaica Plain, Mass., Jan. 8, under the auspices of the Weld Guards, at which assistance was rendered by the Weber Quartet of vocalists, Misses Laura Schirmer, Susie A. Hall, Etta R. Sherman, and Lyman F. Brastow, pianist and director.

THE CORINNE OPERA COMPANY in "The Magic Slipper" are due in Bangor, Me., Jan. 12 Dexter 13, Bangor 14, Belfast 15, Augusta 16, Calais 17, 19, St. John, N. B., 20, 21, 22, 23, 24.

THE LYCEUM COURSE in Melrose, Mass., closed Jan. 5 with a concert by the Schubert Club of sixteen male voices.

THE LYNN (MASS.) CHORAL UNION gave the oratorio of "The Creation" Jan. 7 under the direction of Carl Zerrahn; the soloists were Clarence E. Hay, Alfred Wilkie, and Ada W. Hubbell of New York.

"IRELAND AND LIBERTY" is the title of a new Irish song-and-chorus by T. J. Tousey, who is also the author of a nautical operatic work entitled "The U. S. Ship Mary." Copies of his new song can be had at his advertised address.

A CLARIONET-PLAYER, who performs in brass, desires an engagement. See Newton Waite's card.

ANN ARBOR TIMES, Jan. 8, comes to the front with a female brass band, making three in that State, so far as heard from.

VARIETY HALLS.

"THE HIDDEN HAND" comprised the major portion of the bill at Crone's Garden Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., the past week, incidental to which a minstrel first-par was given in which a local colored sextet did some creditable singing. In the olio, Fields and Leslie appeared in Irish specialties, Julia Bennett was neat in a skipping-rope dance, and Morris and Green gave their negro specialties. Morris and Green close, going to Pittsburg; Fields and Leslie to Cincinnati; Julia Bennett, to Cleveland New 12: Williams and Sully, Nellie Germon, Mabel Pearl, Ei Nino Eddie, Tim and Debby Starin. Business fair. Harry J. Ribiet has been secured as scenic artist, and he is now at work on a new drop.....Fred Felton's infant child died on Jan. 5.

AT SHELEY'S ADELPHI, Buffalo, N. Y., good business prevailed during the past week, the new features being "The Black Hand," the principal characters sustained by Frank Jones, Frank Wright, and Miss Alice Montague; Nellie Waters in songs-and-dances, Harry Lloyd in topical songs, Alf Barker in "Pewy Pewy," and Charles Great in mimicry. Departures 10: Frank Jones and Alice Montague, New York; Nellie Waters and Charles Great, Bradford, Pa.; Harry Lloyd, Springfield, Mass.; Miss Rae Eveleth, uncertain. To open 12: May Arnott, John D. Leach, Blanche Austin, Emma Hoffman, Alice Somers, Smith and Ohlmer (reappearance), and C. J. Bauer.

A PARTNER for Pantaloon, who also has a specialty, is wanted by William Mauritius, who advertises.

TONY FISK'S BLONDES will show in Cincinnati, O., Feb. 2, Louisville, Ky., 9, St. Louis, Mo., 16, one week each. Specialty people desiring engagements are requested to address as per advertisement.

GEORGINA SMITHSON made her first appearance in Wellington, New Zealand, in the early part of December last, giving character songs for the benefit of Montague Browne in the Theatre Royal.

AT THE ADELPHI, Terre Haute, Ind., the departures Jan. 10 were Peasley and Vannatta; to Cincinnati, Frank Gay and Florence Lavanion, Louisville, Opening 12: Ella and Pearl Jennett and Shannon and White.

THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE appeared at the Milwaukee (Wis.) Theatre the past week: Master Willie Peters in songs; Gus Peters and Mlle. Le Etta in sketches; Howard and Newman, clog-dances; Dilks and Wade, musical sketches; and Connors and Cannon, song-and-dance. Announced for 12: Le Roy and Adams and Max Arnold. Departures 10: Gus Peters and Le Etta, to Chicago, John P. and May Carroll and Geo. Garland and Cherry Chapman, who were announced to appear 4, failed to do so.

THE WESTON BROTHERS—Sam and Morris—musical artists, have just closed with the Big Four Minstrels, and are prepared to accept engagements. See card.

JOSEPH M. MORTIMER, once well known as a manager of Philadelphia variety theatres, died in an insane hospital at Harrisburg, Pa., on Jan. 6. His real name was Joseph Mortimer Mocherman, and he was born in Harrisburg about thirty-eight years ago. He started in the variety business as a banjo-player, and as such he had appeared at many variety theatres throughout the country. He traveled for a time with Gardner & Forepaugh's Circus, playing in the concert. His first venture as a manager was at the Canterbury, Philadelphia, about fifteen years ago. Subsequently he opened a saloon and dramatic agency at 617 Walnut street, Philadelphia, where he did a thriving business about 1869-70, in conjunction with J. W. Wharton, he then took a lease of the building at the southwest corner of Tenth and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia, which had been used for many years previously by circuses, and after making extensive alterations opened it as a variety theatre Feb. 6, 1871, under the title of the Philadelphia Varieties. Here, with Harry W. Williams, now of Pittsburg, as stage-manager, he literally coined money. His first season closed July 29, 1871, he having a short time previously tendered a complimentary benefit, when he was presented by the company with a handsome gold-headed ebony cane and an amethyst ring. During the second season, which opened Aug. 28, 1871, and closed June 22, 1872, this establishment—then known as Mortimer's Varieties—experienced a remarkable run of prosperity. Mr. Mortimer's second annual benefit, May 30, 1872, was marked by the presentation to him of a costly service of silver plate. He had now become sole proprietor of this theatre, and as such he reopened it Aug. 26, 1872, and closed his third and last season here on June 1, 1873, when he was the recipient of a complimentary benefit. He opened the Grand Central Theatre, Walnut above Eighth street, Philadelphia, Aug. 23, 1873, and closed its first season July 4, 1874. He continued also as the managing proprietor of Mortimer's Varieties during the season of 1873-74, finally relinquishing the latter establishment to W. J. Gilmore. He reopened the Grand Central Theatre Aug. 29, 1874, and continued to meet with success during this season, which closed June 26, 1875. His third and last season at the Grand Central was inaugurated Aug. 28, 1875, and was terminated June 24, 1876, by the action of the courts in dissolving the partnership then existing between him and the Messrs. Kanaga and Peters. His last season at this establishment proved financially disastrous, owing to managerial and legal troubles, although the attendance was up to the average of previous years. His last venture was with a specialty company and "Matt Morgan's Living Art Pictures" in the season of 1876-7. After relinquishing control of this theatre he became reduced in circumstances, and his financial troubles, together with other causes, at length rendered him insane, and during the first week of Jan., 1879, he was found wandering about the streets of New York City in a destitute condition. An examination before a police-magistrate the following morning he was given into the custody of his relatives, who took charge of him and placed him in an insane asylum, where he died after being incarcerated about a year. The deceased was twice married, once to an actress who appeared in the style of Emma Waters and afterwards known as Florence Stover, who was divorced from him, and to Ida Morris, a well-known ser o-comic singer. Both ladies survive him. He also leaves a father and mother in Harrisburg. When Philadelphia Lodge of Elks was organized, on March 10, 1871, Joseph M. Mortimer was one of the charter members, and was elected to the office of grand-lecturer, and at the subsequent annual meetings of that organization in 1872 and 1873 he was chosen respectively first-assistant primo and treasurer. During the latter year he was chairman of the committee of arrangements at the first annual benefit, and at the banquet of the Philadelphia Lodge. His last appearance on any stage was at Mortimer's Varieties (now known as the New National Theatre), Philadelphia, during the season of 1871-72, when he went on at half-an-hour notice and played the detective in "The Waifs of New York," supporting the late Kate Raymond and O. B. Collins. The deceased had many friends throughout the country, who will hear with regret the news of his death and the sad circumstances attending it.

THE PRICES OF ADMISSION at the Boylston Museum, Boston, Mass., says our correspondent, "has served to attract very large audiences the past week, the programme including a minstrel first-part and an olio, introducing Emma Marden, vocalist; Lucy Benedict and Alexandra, Philadelphia, dancers; William C. Cameron in his specialty 'Mixtures;' the Olympia Quartet of vocalists; Pavor and Shields, Irish song-and-dance men; James D. Roome, banjoist; and the sensational piece 'The Belles of Beacon Street,' by Frank Manton and company. Departures 12: The Four Eccentrics—Perry, McGrew, Curdy and Hughes—Harry Woodson, Young Ajax, Tom English, and Spray Arlington. Mr. Favor, while performing here during the past week, had his gold watch stolen. He would like to see it back.....The Comique Three of the Howard were Tom Sayers, Awata Katnoshin, the French Twin Sisters, Bob Slavin, and Minnie Chapin."

THE NEWCOMERS at the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., Jan. 5, were Geyer and Mack, Yank Adams, and Kit Carson Jr. in the "Frame of the Maniac Murderer." Closed: Mack and Monroe, Frank Harrington, Kit Carson Jr., to Philadelphia, Pa., and Yank Adams, New York. Opening 12: Jennie Hughes, supported by W. H. Danvers, in "The French Spy," Lillie Howard, Roselle and Emma Rogers.....The arrivals at the Central were Zeliner and Christie's Pantomime Company, the Irish Four—Williams, Edwards, Miles and Daly (who closed their show at their request), Kitty Sharpe, Fritz and Robinson, Minnie Gough, Perry, McGrew, Curdy and Hughes, and W. H. Brent in the drama of "False Colors." Closing: Carrie Lavarnie, Fritz and Robinson and Kitty Sharpe, to the New York; Perry, McGrew, Curdy and Hughes, Boston; W. H. Brent, Washington, D.C.....Millie Octavia, Ada Forest and Bernard McCreedie and wife were the new arrivals at the Odeon. Business large. Closing: Howard and Sanford, New York; Maud Leigh, Pittsburg; Bernard McCreedie and wife, Norfolk, Va.; and Bella Clifton, idle. Announced for 12: Thompson and Waldron, Miles Morris, Kitty Smith, Charles Frey and Florence Marshall.

MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, was enlivened during the past week by Milligan and Weaver, Mon-Nello-Nello, Jennie Rose, Dora Wonderscripts—Cerini, Leslie and Burns—Millie Gale, Amy Lee, Charley Reynolds, Fletcher and Lynch, Bob Milligan and Ada Adair, Lizzie Richmond and Harry Gulon. Audiences large. Billed for 12: Leland Sisters, Boyd and Emmett, Morris and Mortimer, the Alice Murray and Edwards and Gaylor. The statement published in a local paper that Charley Reynolds is insane is entirely without foundation. Mr. Reynolds was never in better health and spirits, and never appeared to better advantage than he has done at the house the present season.

AT THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Louisville, Ky., variety artists, especially ladies with sketches or afterpieces, and ballet-girls are wanted. See advertisement.

MYRA JACKSON, Frank Moran, Charles Mauritius, May Raymond, Charles Waterfield, Ed. Leopold and Monroe and Perry were the specialists at Fox's Standard Theatre, Philadelphia, last week. One hundred hams were given away during the week.....Nellie Montrose, Maggie Rice, Ida Davenport and Fletcher and Lee arrive 12. Manager Fox announces fifteen per cent. of the receipts for the current week will be given to the Irish Relief Fund.

PAT ROONEY'S COMBINATION is announced in Middletown, Ct., Jan. 12, Hartford 13, Willimantic 14, Norwich, Mass., 15, Providence, R. I., 16, Newport 19.

MILLIE RUSELLIE, Alice Martyne, William and Claudia Ripley, Daisy Remington, Mr. and Mrs. Brennan and Capt. George L. able, May Arnott, Billy Maloney and Mabel Gray, and Hines and Blossom showed to good houses at the Alcazar, Philadelphia, the past week. Coming 12: Morton and Mullen and Lizzie Walker.....Half of the ground on which this establishment stands was sold at Sheriff's sale for the third time Jan. 5, and was bought by John McDonough, a Philadelphia lumber-merchant, for $15,000. The mortgage for $75,000 is due, so the property may be regarded as finally disposed of. Having purchased the other half of the ground some months ago, Mr. McDonough is now the owner of the entire real-estate.

CHARLES REDMOND and Georgie Blake, change-artists and duos, pleased so well at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city, that they have been re-engaged for Feb. 23. Address care of this office.

GEORGIE LINGARD and Minnie Clyde, vocalists, dancers, etc., who are meeting with success in the West, can be engaged for combinations. Address in care of this office.

PELL AND LEWIS, who join Watson, Ellis and the Kernells' Combination Jan. 19, will commence their season in conjunction with William's and Sully about April 1. Managers can address them in care of this office, or their agents R. Fitzgerald, as per card.

THE MURDOCHS—Frank and Irene—publish a card thanking managers for offers of engagements, which they cannot accept, because they have retired from the profession. Mr. Murdoch also states that he would be pleased to see his friends in the Park Cafe, Columbus, O. Mrs. Murdoch has a serio-comic wardrobe for sale.

VARIETY TALENT and female pedestrians are wanted by Col. Frink & Son, who advertise.

AT THE LONDON PALACE VARIETIES, Albany, N. Y., the arrivals announced for Jan. 12 are the Mortons—Harry and Blanche—Julia Walcott, Billy Maloney, Mabel Gray, and engagement for the sixth time this season of Billy Horgan, banjoist and bone-soloist. Departures 10: Gibbons and Drew, Springfield, Mass. Artists can secure engagements by applying as per card.

SPECIALTY PEOPLE, and lady performers particularly, are wanted at the Theatre Comique, Savannah, Ga. See Sam Lang's card.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, for the week ending Jan. 10, the specialists were Mary E. Rice, Charley Worley, Crossley and Elder. Devlin and Tracy, Jen and Georgie Powers. and Clark Gibbs; Sig. Norrissimo's Ballet Troupe danced, and Mollie Nichols, Barry Carter and Sam J. Brown, supported by the dramatic stock company, appeared in a sensational drama. Business good.....The ball given by the attaches of the house to the ladies of the ballet took place at Musical Fund Hall 7, and was a success. The manner in which the affair passed reflected credit on the grand conductor, Wm. S. Moore, and his assistants, Daniel Daley and Joseph Stephenson.....Frank Melrose, Harry La Rose, Pauline Bachelier, Arnold Bros., Viro Farrand, and John W. Ransone and Emma True open 12.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did a largely increased business the past week. The fresh appearances were Joe and Annie Burgess in the sketch of "Trials of a Dancing-master," the Daytons in musical sketches, Quilter and Goldrich in Ethiopian specialties, Harry McAvoy and Emma Rogers in a comedy sketch called "Jealousy," Myles Morris in Irish songs-and-dances, and Lizzie Aldine, serio-comic. Departures Jan. 10: The La Rues, McAvoy and Rogers, and Myles Morri , to Baltimore: Quilter and Goldrich, Pittsburg; and La Belle Pauline, Philadelphia, Pa. Coming 12: Leonzo Brothers, the Irish Four, Alf Filson, Professor Steen and the Milo Brothers.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Providence, R. I., presented the following olio last week: Retlaw and Alton, Healy, Conway and Ella Saunders, Nellie Hadfield, Billy Chase, Paddy and Ella Murphy, in addition to the burlesque of "Atalanta." New faces Jan. 12: Goldie Steele and Sallie St. Clair, Chas. Redmond and Georgie Blake, D'Alve Sisters, Dan Mason, Lizzie Conway, Dan Sully, the Budworths—Harry and Emma—Charles H. Yale. Departures 16: Retlaw and Alton, the Murphys, Sallie Mason, Ciara Willoughby, Ed. Chrissie, Rob. V. Ferguson, Irene Santella and Jas. Carr, to Hartford, Ct.; Nellie Hadfield, New York; Healy, Conway and Ella Saunders, Springfield, Mass.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va., there were no fresh attractions the past week. Sedgy Putnam and P. McNinny have doubled up for song-and-dance and general business. Departures 10: Bob Allen, to Boston; Langdon and Allison, to St. Louis; and Texanna Rosemay, to New York. Edwin Davis opens 12, and will take charge of the stage. Business good.

MAY FISK'S METROPOLITAN CELEBRITIES are to exhibit in South Charleston, O., Jan. 12, London 13, Coshocton 14, Lancaster 16, Circleville 17.

VARIETY NEWS from Chicago, Ill., up to Jan. 10, is as under: "At the Academy, there has been the usual large attendance nightly. The attractions included Larry Tooley in German specialties; El Nino Eddie in a tight-rope act; Mabel Pearl in serio-comic songs; Campbell and Burke in character-changes; the Dockstaders in a genteel Ethiopian act; and T. Gratian Riggs in 'Shin Fane.' Closing with the week: El Nino Eddie, Miss Mabel Pearl, Campbell and Burke, the Dockstaders, and T. Gratian Riggs. New 12: McIntyre and Heath and E. T. Stetson.....At the Olympic, an admirable bill was presented, with Fred Hallen and Miss Enid Hart in the burlesque sketch 'Pinafore in Fifteen Minutes,' Andy Colliom in banjo solos, Flora Moore in Irish character songs, Clark and Edwards in German musical sketches, the Martell Brothers in clever gymnastic feats, Niles and Evans in Ethiopian eccentricities, Leonora Bradley in serio-comic songs, Bingham in clever ventriloquial dialogues with his wooden-headed family, Crumley and De Forrest in Ethiopian songs-and-dances and high-kicking, James Hearne in Irish songs, dances and jigs. William Sparks in a sand-dance act, Bryant and Saville in performances on musical instruments, and Harris and Wood in a Dutch sketch, 'Grouse Meir's Daughter,' introducing their dog Spotty. Departures: Hallen and Hart, Detroit; Andy Colliom, St. Louis; Flora Moore, Cincinnati; Bingham, Pittsburg; James Hearne and Leonora Bradley, St. Louis; Martell Brothers, William Sparks, open dates; and Bryant and Saville. Reinforcements 12: John Reiley, the Seamans, Nellie Waters, Charles J. Keller,

FAREWELL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

'Tis in the ballroom's crowded mazes,
The waltz is done, the music dies,
When suddenly her face she raises
And turns on him her eyes.

His hand still holds her hand so tender,
His arm still clasps her dainty waist;
She stands in all her beauty's splendor,
Recalling while embraced.

She lays her hand upon his shoulder,
Her eyes a fateful secret tell;
One flash of love, and then, grown colder,
She breathes the word "Farewell."

And that is all. These two together
Have dreamed a happy year and more;
The passing joy of sunshine weather,
And all too bright to stay.

She turns unmoved from waves of passion,
Save what that night her sweet eyes told,
To tread the paths of fashion,
And wed herself to gold.

But some time, when her hopes are broken,
When storms about her surge and swell,
She'll hear again the word just spoken,
The ghost of that farewell.

She'll drain her cup of frothy pleasures,
And rule a queen; but by-and-bye
She'll learn, alas! that there are treasures
Which money cannot buy.

Strong hands, brave hearts, by love made braver,
And honest fame are for the true to tell.
Look back and know, O sweet enslaver!
To these you bade farewell.

V. B.

AT EVERY HAZARD;
OR,
THE BLACKWELL ENTANGLEMENT

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by FRANK QUEEN, in the year 1879.]

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE CLOSED DOOR.

Dacey took his way with a light step. The morning was beautiful, the streets were full of sunshine. He glanced about him with the listless curiosity of the man of fashion and leisure, and saw and noted many passing trifles; you would not have fancied he had ever known a real care.

He saw and noted many things, but not the most important of all—that he was followed. A short distance behind him, keeping discreetly out of view, marched Richard Rolliner, who had unexpectedly caught sight of him a few minutes after he had quitted his lodgings.

On they went—substance and shadow—until Dacey reached his sister's residence. Up the steps he goes and applies his latchkey, and stands for half a minute thinking, with his finger on the key. What idea has crossed him? A faint, contemptuous smile flickers across his pale, refined countenance. He dismisses the thought, whatever it be, and, withdrawing the latchkey, replaces it in his pocket. He *thinks* he has replaced it there; five minutes from now, if you were to ask him without informing him differently, he would swear that he had. Being wholly unconscious of his own built guard, he would feel that an habitual vigilance, merely mechanical, must have saved him from anything like carelessness. But this is a fallible world, and no man is exempt. The key has been dropped, and is lying on the steps, where Mr. Blackwell, entering the house, leaves it. A few minutes later, Richard Rolliner, arriving, perceives the key and picks it up.

I am now going to relate a singular circumstance. Rolliner, by means of this latchkey, entered the house some two or three minutes after Dacey Blackwell. He ran quickly up the hall stairway, and had just reached the top, when the door there was instantly closed in his face. He listened, and heard someone moving within—Dacey, of course—and then rapped, and, there being no answer, tried the door and found it locked. Rolliner smiled; he had no idea of going away; the person within was effectually entrapped. There was absolutely no way of escaping from the room except by means of this door, the windows being far from the ground, and for other reasons out of the question. He rapped again, and then once more, finally breaking into a sonorous tattoo, and at last a voice, which he at once recognized as Constance Blackwell's, inquired:

"Who is there, pray?" in a sharp interrogative.

"It is I, Miss Blackwell—Richard Rolliner. I have something of importance to say to you. Will you kindly let me in?"

A short silence followed, and he fancied whispering, but was not sure, and then Miss Blackwell said:

"It is very strange, your entering a lady's house in this way, Mr. Rolliner; how did you get in, sir?"

"By the front door, Miss Blackwell; your brother dropped his key, and I thought I would surprise him by a ghostly entrance to restore it."

There was another pause, and then she said:

"My brother is not here, sir; I don't think you would venture upon such an impertinence if he were. I am quite alone, and not dressed to receive anyone, and I wish you to go away at once."

That he was now more determined than ever not to do. It was a little ridiculous; but still he resolved to keep up the state of siege till the garrison surrendered.

"It is Mr. Dacey Blackwell that I wish to see."

"He is not here, and has not been here today. I have told you so already. What is the meaning of this outrage?" cried Miss Blackwell in a louder key.

"Then I beg to see you, Miss Blackwell; I will not detain you more than a few minutes. I wish to speak to you with regard to Mr. Folroyd."

"I decline to see you, sir; and I now declare that I will not have anything more to do with Mr. Folroyd's affairs. I am resolved upon that peremptorily. I never heard of anything like this in my life! I insist upon your leaving my premises. Will you go, sir, or not?"

"Miss Blackwell, we may as well understand each other frankly," returned Richard, without a trace of excitement, "if you value your time and quiet you had better grant me an interview; I certainly shall not stir from this spot until you do."

A longer period of silence elapsed, and again he imagined he could detect whispering; and finally he was a good deal astonished by a sudden springing open of the door, and the apparition of Constance Blackwell, with face white with passion and eyes lurid.

"Will you explain to me the meaning of this insulting and outrageous conduct, Mr. Rolliner?" she exclaimed. "If I were a man, you would not dare act so. I will speak to my brother, and make him horsewhip you."

"Miss Blackwell, you are too clever a woman to attempt carrying on a deception after it has failed. Your brother entered this house hardly three minutes before I did, and is somewhere behind you in one of those two rooms at the present moment; and he overhears every syllable that we are saying." Rolliner laughed gently and with the utmost nonchalance. "What your purpose is in attempting a deception to the contrary, I cannot fathom; but it is useless, because here in my hand I have evidence that nothing can shake—Mr. Blackwell's latchkey."

"He may have entered the house, but he did not come upstairs," she returned with a change of manner and far less vehemence. "That is absolutely certain."

"That, I am afraid, is absolute nonsense, Miss Blackwell; because you have told me more than once that the lower part of the house, being never used, is always kept locked."

"Well, if my brother is here, come in and find him," she said, surrendering and making a passage through the doorway. "I admit you under protest, sir, and warn you that you shall answer for this." He bowed gravely. "I thought you were a gentleman, but now I know you are a coward."

I don't think he cared twopence what she thought. He was on the eve of catching her in something like a very enormous falsehood; if he success fully unearthed her brother, her position would be rather mortifying for any young lady claiming to *be* a lady, and he therefore walked in without hesitation.

The sitting-room was clearly untenanted. Everything was in the usual disorder. There stood the ill-matched chairs, the old bureau with its scratched drawers, some of the knobs gone; the Broadwood piano, covered with music, bound and otherwise; the small centre-table. There was no place for anyone to hide, the only access to the chimney being a small hole near the ceiling intended for a stove-pipe. The windows were down, and the usual array of flowerpots stood peacefully outside. Richard, however, had not expected to find Blackwell here, but in the room adjoining.

"You must not stop here," said Miss Blackwell; "I insist upon your carrying this shameful proceeding to its proper length. You must search my bedroom also. Remember, however, that you shall be held strictly accountable, and I venture to predict that you will regret it to the last hour of your life."

If this threat was intended to deter him, it did not succeed, for he answered very quietly:

"Thank you, Miss Blackwell, for the permission. I shall examine the bedroom also."

And he walked straight into the other chamber.

Perhaps never had young lady so shabby a bedroom as this. With the exception of the bed and a few chairs and smaller pieces of furniture, the apartment was empty. He examined the closet, but there was nothing hidden among the many different garments hung there, and, in short, it was evident beyond question that Dacey Blackwell was not concealed here.

What, then, had become of him? "He had been, and was gone," comprised the history of his visit. By the windows escape was impossible, and a secret outlet in the wall improbable—such things belong to the melodramatic ages, and not to such prosaic times as ours; architects have lost the cunning to build those mysterious cells such as their predecessors so skillfully contrived for the hiding of priests, and sometimes for purposes a good deal less holy.

Rolliner, I must confess, looked a little foolish; he had been, you know, so *sure*. The Blackwells had tricked him again, and he could not form the least idea how. Under other circumstances I think he would have enjoyed so clever a performance, although at his own expense; but now he was reminded more forcibly than ever of the amazing cunning of these bold and unscrupulous adventurers. Here they had outwitted him easily, with his eyes wide open, and he could not form the remotest guess as to the means.

"Well, sir, are you satisfied?" inquired Miss Blackwell. "I hope you realize the actual importance of the unparalleled outrage to which you have subjected me."

"I believe your brother entered this house before me, and I never shall believe otherwise. But he is not here now, that is no less certain."

He had retired with her to the sitting-room, and, standing by the little table, he said in distinct and emphatic tones:

"Miss Blackwell, shrewd as you are, you must know that I would not have attempted such a proceeding as forcing myself into your rooms for the purposes of search without considering the penalties of such an outrage. The law takes cognizance of such things. But at the same time, Miss Blackwell, the law is a very dangerous tool for some people to take up—it sometimes cuts both ways."

She lowered her eyes slowly and disdainfully.

"I don't understand you."

"Pardon me; but you do—I am sure you do. You know as well as I how the law deals with persons engaged in conspiracy for the purposes of fraud."

"I know how it deals with persons who violate other persons' letters," she returned, lifting her eyes again with a defiant flash.

He was astounded. She uttered a low, contemptuous laugh.

"Mr. Rolliner, you think you are a very clever man; your profound combinations are but the feeble moves of a child to older chess-players;" and her quiet, disdainful laughter murmured in his ear again.

She took her seat in the rocking-chair, and, picking up a book, began carelessly turning the leaves. The action expressed everything; her victory was too contemptible to exult over; an enemy so easily beaten was not worth pursuit.

It is never wise to lose one's temper; but the wisest men do it sometimes, and Richard Rolliner, who was certainly not wise in everything, now lost his,

"Yes; I read that letter—that proposal of marriage in your brother's name—how did you know it?" he said angrily.

"I am *clairvoyante*," she said with a laugh. "Nothing goes on that I do not know, and so I warn you."

"No, Miss Blackwell; I am now more convinced than ever that there is some secret hiding-place in this room, and your brother is undoubtedly concealed there at the present moment. *You* were concealed there when you saw me read that letter."

"I assure you that is nonsense, Mr. Rolliner, not worth refuting; but if you choose, you can ask the landlord from whom I rent this not very desirable property. He will think you a madman; but you don't appear to mind looking ridiculous."

"At all events, the proposal, being delivered verbally, failed," he said, convinced that Dacey was overhearing everything, and intensely nettled; "and, it strikes me, your charming brother must have looked a little ridiculous on that occasion. From all accounts, the scene was very amusing, and also remarkable in some other respects."

She looked up from her book, just a shade paler, and with an odd expression in her dark, unfathomable eyes.

"Miss Hernsdale disappoints me; she must have rather coarse ideas of what is proper towards a gentleman who admires her and has made an honest tender of a true affection. My brother certainly formed a totally different idea of her. He did not dream that she would make merry over his suit with every idle shallowbrains who came in. All ladies do not do so; but, Mr. Rolliner, we both know that there are ladies and ladies."

The sneer was insufferable, and aimed at Irene—his Irene, his sister, almost—to whom he was so loyal, and for whom he would, in his excess of friendship, be almost willing to die!

"She is the truest lady in the world, by ——," and he brought down his hand on the table, hot with wrath; "and if you make another insulting remark about her in my presence, Miss Blackwell, I'll make it a personal matter with that villainous dandy and matchless rascal, your brother!"

"Such a lady, perhaps, as you are a gentleman," she said, rising. "I have endured this long enough. If you will not leave my house, I shall have you removed by a policeman."

"Certainly I will go without further delay," he returned, recollecting himself. "I have passed a good deal more time here than I intended, and without speaking of the business which really concerned my visit—I mean your letter to Mr. Folroyd."

"I decline positively to confer with you about Mr. Folroyd or about that letter to anyone. I will never have anything more to do with Mr. Folroyd or his affairs; I have suffered enough on that subject—scandal, mortification—everything. But it is over now, and forever; and no one shall have reason to misrepresent me again."

"You have killed him, I think. He will never come out of his bed again."

"I can't help it; it was all his own fault; I certainly did not encourage him."

"Miss Blackwell, how can you say that?"

"I do say it—truthfully. I tried every way to discourage him, on the contrary; but things had come to such a pass that I was forced to either marry him or write him that letter; and as for the former alternative, the idea is a little too absurd for discussion. Come, Mr. Rolliner, do you intend to leave my house or not?"

She went to the door, and held it open for him.

"Farewell, Miss Blackwell. Our friendship, never very deep, I am afraid, is now at an end, and without productive benefit to either; our enmity may have a result very different."

She smiled.

"I don't think I am very much afraid of *you*, Mr. Rolliner."

He bowed and passed out, and the door was shut behind him. The exit was just as humiliating, without being quite so tragic, as Dacey's; and Irene's insult to that gentleman, his sister thus, involuntarily perhaps, avenged, although upon the head of another.

Rolliner went down the hall-stairs, not thinking or caring about the insult, but deeply dejected. In the interview just concluded he felt that he had been worsted; he felt also an indefinable sense of apprehension with regard to the future. He was just beginning to realize truly the sort of people he had to deal with.

CHAPTER XXVII.—HERBERT LYNDROSE.

Herbert Lyndrose had completed his picture of "The Golden Apple," and had sold it. There had been something of mystery about the purchase—old Kullers the dealer paid the money down, but would tell nothing. "A little artful questioning led Herbert to believe, however, that the work was to go to Europe; some fancier from that side of the water, with his eyes about him, had seen the painting, and snapped it up at a handsome price. Such was Lyndrose's theory, at which snuffy old Kullers smiled significantly and coughed, but said not a word.

Lyndrose was elated, but mingled with that gladness was a feeling of depression, due to quite another circumstance, and one which touched him even more nearly. Without a positive quarrel, a decided estrangement had existed lately between him and Irene Hernsdale. He fancied it was about Miss Constance Blackwell, who had been coming to sit to him every day. He was sorry to lose Irene's friendship; but was there not a compensation in the sort of indefinable tenderness which had been growing up between himself and the handsome San Francisco lady? She was very charming; she came regularly every day and lingered long after the sitting, and was she not always just a little reluctant to go? And their talk, how often it had wandered into vague and romantic by-paths, alluring, but sometimes dangerous! He often caught himself thinking of Miss Blackwell, and those reveries were pleasing. She was, it is true, perhaps a year or so older than he; but a young man is proud to be loved by a woman older than himself, and sometimes he could not help believing that she really was in love with him. Still, he admired and liked Irene so truly that the thought now of losing her was, in spite of everything, a pang. So that, altogether, notwithstanding that lucky stroke in the sale of his picture, there was still something to trouble him.

He was not this morning at his easel, but, with his shabby velvet painting-coat on, stood at the window, ruminating and looking down into the street. By-and-bye he would go to work unless something interrupted; and it was strange that four days out of the week something *did* interrupt. With so handsome a balance at his banker's, time was, however, not now quite so valuable as formerly, and, standing at the window whistling an air he had heard at the opera last night, he did not trouble himself much how the hands of his watch were getting on.

He was, as usual, interrupted. In came Dacey Blackwell, smiling and radiant.

"Hope I don't intrude, dear Lyndrose," he said, placing his hat and cane on the table and beginning to unbutton a glove. "Charming day, and will be warm after a while; I don't believe we shall have any Winter this year. Now, I do trust, if I interrupt your work, you will tell me so frankly," he added, taking a chair, a little inconsistently, and seating himself.

"Oh, no. I am awfully lazy since the last few days; I've scarcely touched your sister's portrait."

"I hope, by-the-bye, she will not take it into her perverse head to come here this morning, at least until I go away," said Dacey, frowning.

"She never comes before about one or two."

"I don't want a scene, and I think she hates me," pursued Blackwell, drawing the other glove; "and why I can't tell. I love my sister, Lyndrose, although you may not believe it. With all her faults, she is a credit to her sex."

"She is very charming," smiled Herbert, seating himself also, and taking out his cigar-case. "Have one of these? I got them round the corner, and you'll find them very tolerable."

So they went to smoking comfortably, and, after a few minutes of silent enjoyment, said Dacey:

"Yes, Constance *is* a charming girl, although I, her black sheep of a brother, say it; and if she would only get over her antipathy to me she would be faultless."

"That is all imagination; she feels a genuine affection for you, and has only an antipathy towards your faults."

"I don't know; women are such mysterious creatures, and they so love to hide their real feelings. She is unhappy about something lately—I heard it from two or three people, and detected it myself. She has done something that must have cost her a struggle; but no doubt she felt it her duty. I suppose you know what I mean—throwing over old Folroyd."

"No?" returned Herbert, astonished.

Then Dacey gave him the particulars, and when all had been related Mr. Blackwell said:

"She had but one motive—she likes someone else, and who it is I can't for the life of me tell."

A silence ensued, both smoking and thinking hard.

"She is very foolish," pursued Dacey. "I dare say, whoever it is, he does not care a pin for her, or even dream of her weakness for him. But that is the fate of people who can really love; they place their affections in some quarter where response is impossible, and the disappointment poisons their whole existence."

"Well, sometimes, perhaps," said Herbert.

"I am glad of one thing with regard to Constance—that she is a very different sort of young lady from Miss Irene Hernsdale. I am not as much enchanted in that quarter, I can tell you, as I was at first."

"Why so?" inquired Lyndrose, emitting an immense volume of smoke.

"Well, you know you are a great admirer of hers, and I can't discuss it with you—but ——"

"Indeed, you are mistaken if you fancy I am anything more than a mere friend. I admire her, in one sense, still, and shall always do so while I have eyes for faultless beauty; but I am no lover, and never was actually admitted to the footing of one. So far as I am concerned, you can speak as freely as you please."

"Don't misunderstand me, dear Lyndrose," said Dacey seriously. "I know too little of Miss Hernsdale to utter a word in her disparagement. I merely remark that, beautiful as women are, their beauty does not make them angels; they are still mortals like ourselves, and have the faults of mortals."

After which satisfactory explanation, Mr. Blackwell resumed his cigar with great gravity. People smoking, who really know how to enjoy that sort of indulgence, must necessarily divide their dialogue by immense chasms of silence, during which their tobacco absorbs them exclusively. Another pause, therefore, succeeded Dacey's last remark, during which both gentlemen puffed their weeds industriously.

"Quite true, I must own," assented Herbert.

"Miss Hernsdale, I am afraid, is vain; she loves conquest and loves to show off her conquests—and, egad! to amuse herself over the botched extravagances of the poor devils who are thoughtless enough to fall under the dominion of her fascination. She laughs by the hour over old Bryldon's ridiculous love-making, and the same as to that little fellow Wilcox, who used to run after her so much, and I suppose all who have ever followed in her train come in for a share of the fun."

"You surprise me, indeed. I had no idea she was that kind of girl, and I thought I knew her well."

"My dear fellow, one may be acquainted with a woman fifty years and die without ever really knowing her. I always discouraged Miss Hernsdale's fondness for ridicule—at least so far as I could; and, indeed, she did not mind telling me that I had no sense of humor. Now, I *have* a sense of humor, and I like honest fun as well as any man; but, I say, is it good-natured humor—and real humor, as Sheridan said, is always good-natured—to turn a friend into pitiless ridicule—to set a whole room laughing at the absurd figure of a woebegone lover—to—to ——"

"Is it possible she does this? I am shocked more than I can express, Blackwell. Perhaps *I* have often been the object of this unladylike satire. I confess that I was a great deal—a—a—that is, disposed to be in love with her—and—and, tell me frankly," said Lyndrose in great agitation.

"You can hardly expect one to admit that, Lyndrose," said Dacey, with a suggestive smile. "No, no; about you I will admit nothing; and, in fact, I am a little sorry I was led into mentioning all this."

"It is safe with me, I swear. I understand perfectly; I, too, furnished her amusement; but I don't think she will have the opportunity again."

"Now I see you are vexed, dear Lyndrose; how wrong of me to tell you such things! I shall never forgive myself, and, lest I do further mischief, I shall go at once," said Dacey, rising and taking his hat and cane.

"Pray, don't go; I entreat, Blackwell; I am not at all angry—only vexed for a single moment—but it has passed away. Everyone in the world is talked of behind his back." And Lyndrose laughed a little lugubriously.

"I can't stay, Herbert; indeed I can't. What are you painting now, besides the portrait? I wish I knew something of pictures. Constance takes great interest in such things, and only last week bought a picture—but I forgot; it was told to me as a great secret."

"I don't think I heard her mention it."

"No, she did not like to, I presume," laughed Blackwell, "as you are in the business; she fancied you would think hardly of her going to another shop. I suppose, She paid a screech-in price for it, too; I wince to think of it. I am brutal enough to say, with all respect to you, Herbert, that I wouldn't give a groat for all the paintings in creation. However, the money was her own."

A thought had crossed Herbert's mind—wild, improbable; but he felt a sort of inward trembling.

"What was the subject of the picture?" he asked, carelessly as he could.

Dacey looked down, frowning hard.

"Tut, tut! What a memory I have! I really can't recall—stay! it was something about fruit—a—a—'The Golden Apple,' by Jove!"

Lyndrose stared grimly at the wall, but his face must have very nearly betrayed him.

"But here, you see," laughed Dacey, "I have let the cat out of the bag again, and I really must go at once, or I shall bring about trouble. You will not breathe about the picture, Herbert?"

"No, no; not a syllable, even on the rack."

So, with proper farewells, the two gentlemen parted, Mr. Blackwell gayly, as he had come in.

Lyndrose did not go back to his window; with the happiest smile he had worn for a long time, he began dressing. TO BE CONTINUED.

CLIPPER SONGS:
OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE.

I Thought My Willie True to Me.

WORDS BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL—MUSIC BY H. P.

I thought my Willie true to me
In days that long have passed,
And never dreamt a heart could flee
That clung to me so fast;
His words were sweeter than the trills
Of song-birds in the trees,
His smile was merry as the rills
That trickle down the leas.
Chorus.—I thought my Willie true to me
In days that long have pass'd,
And never dreamt a heart could flee
That clung to me so fast.

I thought my Willie true to me
When on the beach we stray'd,
And watched the ship upon the sea
In snowy sails arrayed;
I felt the beating of his heart
In unison with mine—
I never thought that we could part
In life's soft decline.

I thought my Willie true to me
When last he said "Good-bye,"
For then he seemed so full of glee,
And breathed no gloomy sigh.
He fondly kissed me when he left
My latticed garden-gate—
For him my heart is now bereft—
I only watch and wait.

"Speak Kindly to Mother"—Song and Chorus.

BY CHARLEY RUSSELL.

Speak gently, my boy; don't be angry with mother—
She never has spoken unkindly to you;
You should take her advice before that of another;
She knows what is best for her darling to do.
You say she is childish and losing her reason,
For she will not consent to your going away;
In your restless young heart try to put down the treason—
Don't rebel 'gainst her now, for she's feeble and gray.
Chorus.
Remember, you're all that is left her to cherish.
And she's tried hard to make you contented at home;
If you leave her in sorrow her heart will soon perish,
So don't go away from the old place to roam.

If you speak to her kindly, you'll never regret it
When she's laid in the grave and you're free to depart;
But one cruel word, you can never forget it—
'Twill come back through the years to your sorrowing heart.

Don't think she's childish, for when you are older
You'll be wiser, and see she adored for the best.
And you'll know that her love for you never grew colder,
But increased with the years till they laid her at rest.
Chorus.—Remember, you're all, etc.

THE COMEDIAN "YANKEE" LOCKE,

as he was popularly known, but whose full name was George E. Locke, died at his home in Dracut, Lowell, Mass., Jan. 5, after an illness of several weeks' duration, although he was not considered to be in a dangerous condition until a few days previous to his death. Several years ago he fell down a flight of stairs and severely injured his knee, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. Lately his sufferings from that cause became so acute that a surgical operation was performed, when it was discovered that a bone formation had collected near the place of the original injury, and after its removal he was considered in a fair way to recover; but subsequently he took cold, and erysipelas set in, resulting in pyœmia (blood-poisoning). On Sunday night, 4, he was stricken with paralysis, from which he failed to rally. Deceased was born in Epsom, N. H., Jan. 31, 1816, and consequently at the time of his death was 63 years 11 months and five days old. When about fifteen years of age he commenced learning the printer's trade in the office of *The Morning Star*, in Dover, N. H.; but after remaining there two years he left, and next found employment in driving a stage between Nashua, N. H., and Boston, Mass. Finding this pursuit distasteful, he became a compositor in the office of *The Boston Herald*, being then about 20 years of age. It is not known where he made his first appearance upon the stage; but his first regular engagement was in the National Theatre, Boston, Mass., in 1839, which effectually disproves the hitherto published and credited statement that he made his debut in Boylston Hall, Boston, playing Las Casas in "Pizarro," under the management of Wyzeman Marshall, because the gentleman last named did not open that place until July 15, 1840. He was next engaged at the Boston Museum, then at the corner of Tremont and Bromfield streets, in the stock company, where he remained three years. At that time there were several Yankee comedians before the public as stars, and Mr. Locke made his first attempt in that line by reciting a Yankee story at a matinee-performance, which met with so much favor that he determined thereafter to devote his abilities to that branch of the profession. He organized a small company, and played in small towns and villages for some years, during this time he played several engagements in the Lowell (Mass.) Museum, when it was located in the upper portion of the old Wyman Exchange; and when the new museum, built upon the opposite side of Merrimac street, was first opened, Cook & Gates being the managers, Mr. Locke became a member of the stock-company, and since then made his home in that city. About that time he married Miss Glunn, whose brother was subsequently before the public for some time as a star under the title of Yankee Glunn. After Mr. Locke left the Lowell Museum he traveled again as a star, and at times was a manager as well. In copartnership with the late Charles E. Bidwell, he managed a traveling company successfully through the New England circuit. When W. W. Pratt—more widely known as "Beeder" Pratt—dramatized T. S. Arthur's novel of "Ten Nights in a Barroom," Mr. Locke found the character of Sample Switchel eminently fitted to display his talents, and he acted that character many hundred times throughout New England. Before this (about 1850) he had been recognized as a popular star when not filling an engagement in the National Theatre, Boston. He made his debut in New York at the National Theatre, in Chatham street, Feb. 10, 1851, acting Solomon Swop in "Jonathan in England." The stars who had preceded him were Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, Joseph Proctor, Frank Chanfrau (who played Richelieu and Mose on the same night), and Junius Brutus Booth. In 1861, accompanied by his wife, he sailed for San Francisco, Cal., and they made their first appearance there in Maguire's Theatre Dec. 11, their engagement proving highly successful. After playing brief engagements in neighboring towns they returned to 'Frisco, and became members of the stock-company of the Metropolitan Theatre when it was opened by W. H. Leighton & Co., Jr., Feb. 14, 1864, with "The School for Scandal," Mr. Locke playing Sir Oliver Surface. It may be parenthetically remarked that Mr. and Mrs. Leighton, who made their home in Lowell, Mass., were neighbors of the Lockes, and had preceded them to the golden shore of the Pacific coast, and it was by their advice that the Yankee comedian and his wife undertook the journey. It should also be stated that Mrs. Locke, under the professional name of Rosalie Tucker, had acted with her husband during most of his New England tours, and that she was a capital soubrette, a good singer and an excellent dancer. She retired from the stage some years ago. After remaining some two years in California, during which time they reaped a handsome pecuniary reward for their labors, they returned home, purchased a farm, and built the house in which Mr. Locke died, in Dracut. Deceased continued to play star engagements in theatres and to travel through the smaller towns with a company. Later he filled engagements in some of the best variety theatres, playing in dramas which had been written expressly for him. Failing health began to interfere with his professional labors, and his engagements of late years became less frequent and to avoid the cares and troubles of management he accepted engagements in traveling combinations, notably with an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupe and Denman Thompson's Combination, with which he played Old Cy Prime in "Joshua Whitcomb." His last appearances on the Boston stage were made in the Howard Athenæum, when he played during the week ending Jan. 11, 1879, the character of Barnaby Root in "Mike Martin," and his last appearance in public, according to our Boston correspondent, was in Natick, Mass., Dec. 9 last, at an entertainment given in the Concert Hall by the Ladies' Dell Park Association, although it has been asserted that his last appearance on the stage was in Lynn, Mass., Thanksgiving-day. Mr. Locke left a widow, without children, and a large circle of relatives and friends. He was a member of Doric Lodge, F. and A. M., and his funeral took place under their direction at two o'clock P. M. Jan. 8, being largely attended.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY MAUD HAMILTON.

Voyager upon life's sea,
To yourself be true,
And, whate'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe.
Never, though the winds may rave,
Falter nor look back,
But upon the darkest wave
Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,
Stem the hardest gale;
Brave of heart and strong of arm,
You will never fail.
When the world is cold and dark,
Keep an aim in view,
And towards the beacon-mark
Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on
To the silent shore,
From the sunny source has gone,
To return no more:
Then let not an hour's delay
Cheat you of your due;
But while it is called To-day
Paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denied you wealth,
Lofty state and power,
Honest fame and hardy health
Are a better dower;
But, if these will not suffice,
Golden gain pursue,
And, to reach the glittering prize,
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hand of fate?
Would you write a deathless name
With the good and great?
Would you bless your fellow-men?
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant wrong
In the world's free fight?
With a spirit brave and strong,
Battle for the right;
And to break the chains that bind
The many to the few,
To enfranchise slavish mind,
Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost;
Every good deed nobly done
Will repay the cost.
Leave to Heaven in humble trust
All you will to do;
But, if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe.

Chicago, 1879.

PROFESSOR RUMCULLI:
A Tale of Melbourne, Australia, in 1852.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY RICHMOND THATCHER.

CHAPTER I.—CANVAS TOWN.

It was early in the most important and interesting decade in the history of Victoria—April, 1852, in fact. A good, old-fashioned, early Winter. The Silver Yarra is ruffled by cold winds, which sweep down the stream and across the wonderful collection of tents known as Canvas Town. The site of this strange place is scarcely even known now to the majority of Melbourne folks, but it was a busy, restless, wild place at the time of our story. Stand on Prince's Bridge, not long open for traffic then, and look to the left, to the rise between the building before you and Government House, and there once stood Canvas Town. It owed its *raison d'etre* to the extraordinary and almost unprecedented influx of those who crowded to the gold diggings from all parts of the world, and the grasping niggardness, and lack of anything like sense on the part of the Government, who failed to provide means of extending the young city, as it failed to do anything else just or sensible. The population of the colony had doubled itself in twelve months. "Gold, gold!" was the cry, and never before, perhaps, had such excitement ruled. Rush after rush had broken out. No sooner had the rich pockets of gold been taken from one locality, than news of other great finds were reported. His Excellency the Governor, Mr. La Trobe, had been the chief means of spreading the wonderful news. His reports to the Secretary of State for the Colonies told of gold being picked up like dirt, some of it by the gubernatorial hand itself, and he gravely declared the whole country to be all alike, auriferous. Ballarat, with its Aladdin-Palace-like Golden Point, Forest, Barker's, Fryer's and Campbell Creeks, the Loddon and the great Mount Alexander rush were in full swing. The Bendigo had declined somewhat in prestige as an alluvial diggings, but prospectors were already unfolding the glories of the Ovens district; and the McIvor, Koorang, Daisy Hill, and a score of minor rushes were yielding literally tons of the precious metal. Never was there such a seething, delirious, mad time. The ship Nelson had been openly boarded by desperadoes a few days before, while lying off Sandridge, and looted of its treasure, destined for England, and the young colonists were up in arms against transportation to Australia. In the city, now thronged with those who had returned, finding it more profitable to pursue their legitimate occupations than to seek for gold, all was rush and noise and confusion. Lucky diggers, down for a spree, galloped or "loped" about on horses, or drove recklessly along in two-horse cabs hired at a pound an hour. There were stores with gaudy signs and startling announcements painted on calico; bullock drays deep in the mud; grog shanties; shouting auctioneers, yelling the virtues of the goods they had to dispose of; stray dogs, drunken men, desperadoes from "the other side"—New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land; California adventurers in weird costumes; banks and gold offices, stores, doctors' shops; in all forming the most picturesque, confused, noisy scene possible.

Out of this mad city—thrust as it were from it by a sheer lack of room—was the settlement of Canvas Town. The Government had with characteristic liberality allowed the newcomers to pitch their tents across the river on the rising ground, out of the reach of the damp and floods, for the trifling sum of five shillings a week, or £12 a year. The pitching process at first was conducted without any regard for order, and simply at the taste and will of the newcomers; and though, when the place began to assume proportions, some attempt was made to preserve symmetry, there were in the main no streets or regular means of access to particular parts of the town. It was a heterogeneous congregation—doctors, lawyers, new chums, emigrants, and returned diggers, all huddled together. People used to refinement were camped close to "old hands;" women, whose husbands were then up-country prospecting or digging, kept house and awaited developments with much anxiety. There were girls fetching water from the river close by, and youngsters chopping down the wattles and scrub that lined it in its sunny source has gone, to return no more: Then let not an hour's delay Cheat you of your due: But while it is called To-day Paddle your own canoe. It your birth denied you wealth, Lofty state and power, Honest fame and hardy health Are a better dower; But, if these will not suffice, Golden gain pursue, And, to reach the glittering prize, Paddle your own canoe. Would you wrest the wreath of fame From the hand of fate? Would you write a deathless name With the good and great? Would you bless your fellow-men? Heart and soul imbue With the holy task, and then Paddle your own canoe. Would you crush the tyrant wrong In the world's free fight? With a spirit brave and strong, Battle for the right; And to break the chains that bind The many to the few, To enfranchise slavish mind, Paddle your own canoe. 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CHAPTER II.—THE OLD TALE.

In one of the tents comprising this wonderful suburb—or, rather, wen upon the body of a young city, the first in prescience, as it might be called—sat a woman nursing a baby and minding a child of some five years—a woman still pretty and young; but, oh! so careworn and weary of life. A faded black dress told of a bereavement; but it needed no trappings of woe to show, as signs of a broken heart—a life rendered joyless, hopeless. This woman had not only lost her husband—her only stay, the joy of her existence, her idol and companion since childhood, the father of her children—but she was starving, and dying amid all the bustle, the signs of prodigal wealth—starving, she and the helpless babies, within hail of a golden city, an Eldorado never pictured by enthusiasts.

This may not be believed by some, but those acquainted with gold diggings, and townships dependent upon them, will know of thousands of similar cases. Gold-digging is an exciting occupation, and all things connected with it have a borrowed halo thrown over them; but it loses some of its picturesqueness when it is considered that all gold was not got by civilized races that cost more than it is worth to wrest it from the bosom of the earth; and the richer the finds, the greater the destitution in their v

BASEBALL.

BAD BALLADS,
Or Lyrics of the Field of Baseball.

The national game has given rise to many poetic effusions, differing, of course, materially in style and sentiment; and the following specimens may perhaps be deemed worthy of perusal. One of the first we recollect having heard was a song descriptive of "ball-days in 1858." The Knickerbockers of this city had tendered a banquet to the Excelsiors of Brooklyn at Oddfellows' Hall, Hoboken, N. J., Aug. 20, 1858, when included in the evening's festivities was the following song:

NO. I.

Come, baseball-players all, and listen to the song
About our manly Yankee game, and pardon what is wrong;
If the verses do not suit you, I hope the chorus will,
So join with us, one and all, and sing it with a will.
Chorus.
Then shout, shout for joy, and let the welkin ring
In praises of our noble game, for health 'tis sure to bring;
Come, my brave Yankee boys, there's room enough for all,
So join in Uncle Samuel's sport—the pastime of baseball.

First a welcome to our guests, the brave Excelsior boys;
They play a strong and striking game, and make a lively noise;
They buck at every club, without breaking any bones,
Assisted by their president, the witty Doctor *Jones*.

They well deserve their motto, and may they ever keep
Their men from slumbering till their score "toots up a heap;"
And their name will resound through village and through town,
Especially by older clubs who've been by them done brown.

They have Leggett for a catcher, and he is always there—
A gentleman in every sense, whose play is always square—
Then Russell, *Reynolds*, Dayton, and also Johnny Holder,
And the infantile "phenomenon," who'll play when he gets older.

The Nesters and the parents of this our noble game
May repose on laurels gathered, and on records of their fame;
But all honor and all glory to their ever-fostering hand,
That is multiplying ball-clubs in towns throughout the land.

Then treat the fathers kindly, and please respect their age—
Their last appearance is not announced as yet on any stage.
Some vigor yet remains, as you very well must know;
It shines out like a star in an agile Charles De Bost.

Now we'll sing to the Gothams, who hold a foremost rank—
They have taken many prizes, and they seldom draw a blank;
Their players are hard to beat with Van Cott in the race,
And Wadsworth is bound to die on the very first base.

There's a club that's called the Eagle, and it soars very high;
It clipped the parents' wings, and caught them on the fly;
Little Gelston plays behind, and Bixby pitches well,
And Brinkerhoff he hats the ball—oh, dreadfully to tell!

And here we have the Putnams—they bear a gallant name;
They are jovial good fellows, as every one will claim,
For Dakin is a trump, as the Brooklyn boys well know,
And with Masters for a catcher they have a team to crow.

See, the conquering hero comes from the broad Atlantic's ocean,
And the Nestors' hearts do swell with grateful, glad emotion;
They've so many star players you can hardly name the lions,
But I think you'll all agree with me as to the O'Briens.

But we'll cross to the westward, where Empire takes its way—
At our home, the Elysian Fields, this club enjoys its play;
They've Benson, Hoyt, Miller, Leavy, Thorne and Fay,
And are noted for their even play on every reckless day.

There's the aspiring Eckford boys, justly considered some;
When they send a challenge, that club looks very *Grum*;
Their Pidgeon's ne'er caught napping, and they never are cast down.
With such splendid fielders as Manolt and Eddy Brown.

There's a club in Morrisania that's a very strong bulwark—
It forms a solid "Union" 'twixt Brooklyn and New York—
They've Gifford for a pitcher, and Booth plays well behind,
And Pinckney on the second base is hard to beat, you'll find.

Your pardon now I crave—this yarn is spun too long—
The Knickerbockers' "friend," you know, he always goes it strong;
On America's game of baseball he will shout his loud acclaim,
And his "tiger" shall be telegraphed to Britain's broad domain.

An allegorical poem, recited by its author, Laurie J. Blakely, before the Pennsylvania Baseball Convention on Oct. 16, 1867, deserves to be mentioned, and we regret that its length precludes its being given in full. We offer the following extract:

NO. II.

But I would speak of another game—a harder, angrier strife—
Where each and every one must play the rugged game of life.
There Time is captain—in his game there must no laggards be,
But each must play the base assigned him with noble industry.
There is no rest, nor recess; each inning must be played;
Time waiteth not, his sure home-run for no one can be stayed;
But each has separate work to do, each hath a special aim;
And when we cease, a crown awaits, of glory or of shame;
It is for us alone to say which we'll strive to grasp,
To walk all fettered o'er with sin or virtue's hand to clasp.
It is for us alone to say ere our game is o'er—
Ere our strike with the bat of life is past for evermore—
Whether we so will play our game that when we sink to rest
We'll hear our worthy Captain call: "Come unto me, ye blessed."
Our game is life. With hope and trust we leave the dear home-base;
Flushed with unfaltering faith of youth, we enter on the race;
Some make home-runs, and, touching every base,
Come in before Death's ball can intercept their race;
Some crowd their neighbors off, and, in their greedy route
And selfish haste for glory, put one another out;
Some steal their way through life, and do not heed
Their silent progress till they claim the meed.

Baseball furnishes a theme for the following verses:

NO. III.

Now see the pitcher, as he stands
With glowing face and clenched hands—
His eyes all o'er the field;
Then, quick as lightning, bending down
A moment—and the ball is gone—
And the batter's doom is sealed!
Behind the home-base, crouching low,
The wary catcher marks the blow
That merely tips the ball,
Which, in an instant, quick as thought,
In his sure hand is safely caught—
"Foul! out!" is heard from all.
Now watch the first-base—how he bends
His body while the pitcher sends
The ball with vigorous force;
'Tis struck; the batter seeks to gain
His base, and runs with might and main;
But ah! 'tis caught—his effort's vain—
The striker's out, of course.
Firm as a rock the second-base,
With watchful eye, protects his place,
Nor lets a ball go by.
A powerful blow the pitcher dodges,
The ball in second's broad hand lodges—
He takes it "on the fly."
The third-base, ever on th' alert,
Like all the rest, is quite expert,
And cares for neither pain nor dirt,
Should he be hurt or fall;
He watches o'er the entire field,
And runs as if a rival's doom is sealed
If he but gets the ball.
The short-stop guards the inner field,
And very often has he reeled
Before the merchant ball
When came the ball "hot" from the bat,
And struck him in the groin or hat,
And also laid him low.
Far out afield, on picket duty,
Three fielders known for strength and beauty
Guard "centre, left and right;"
And should a ball "get out" that far
The striker, too, goes out—that's sure,
No matter where it light.
Now see the striker, bat in hand,
Directly at the home-base stand—
A very Hercules!
He strikes—'tis foul—he's not caught out,
A second—hear the umpire shout
"One strike!" Still at bat is he.
He waits a third ball; here it comes.
"Well hit!" resounds from all his chums.
Another takes his place;
And as he runs he hears from all:
"Be quick—run fast, here comes the ball!"
Too late, he's reached his base.
Sometimes with such a vigorous blow
The ball was struck that, upward go,
It flew most out of sight.
A home-run then the athlete tries,
While admiring shouts fill the skies;
At length he breathless gains the prize,
And makes his score all right.
Such was the game in the pleasant days
We spent at baseball, heedless the rays
Of many a Summer's sun.
None thought of heat, or cold, or wet,
So that we could together get
And have a bat and run.

TO BE CONTINUED.

REVIEWING THE SEASON.
The National Association of 1879.

In the international arena in 1878 thirteen clubs entered the pennant race, at which but seven finished the season, the Buffalo team winning the pennant, leaving the Stars of Syracuse second and the Tecumsehs of Canada third. During 1879 nine clubs entered, of which but five have sailed on the schedule-programme. Of these the Cincinnatis won the pennant, the Holyokes being second and the Nationals of Washington third. The Manchesters disbanded early in the season through the questionable habits of two or three of their prominent players. The Capital City team was transferred to Rochester upon the non-success of the experiment of running two teams in Albany, and the Utica team disbanded early, owing to bad management. With these exceptions, the National campaign of 1879 was a decided success, the majority of the teams more than paying their expenses, while the leading ones made a very profitable season of it. This was largely due to the twenty-five-cent tariff, as the general play of the National teams was not up to the mark of the contests of the International arena of 1878. In fact, there were too many conclusive proofs of the advantage of the twenty-five-cent tariff to question its success. Time and again did the League clubs play in Syracuse and Troy to cents, while the National clubs during the same weeks played to dollars. The Troy Club, after a season of great pecuniary loss up to October, cleared one thousand dollars and over with their series of games with the Albanys after the close of the League season. Unquestionably, the fifty-cent tariff obliged the Syracuse Club to retire from the League arena, as it did the Cincinnatis. The experiment of doing away with the boys' catch of the foul bound in the National arena was quite successful. Instead of the new rule lengthening the games, it shortened them, as the figures proved during the first month of the season. There was another thing, too, which helped to make the National campaign successful for its well-managed clubs, and that was what we call the "free-trade policy"—the policy of allowing each club to play with what clubs they please outside of the championship arena. The restriction on clubs in this respect which has characterized the League rules has been costly each season, but especially was it so in 1879. While it is desirable that the clubs which enter for the championship-pennant should be debarred from playing any games with one another until each has completed its championship schedule-games, it is shortsighted policy to allow any other restriction. There is no doubt that the playing of exhibition games by the National championship teams of 1879 before they had finished their championship schedule-games materially weakened the attractive power of each club which engaged in such games. There was no interest while there remained regular championship games to be played. But this, of course, need not interfere with a championship team's playing outside clubs on off-days. The narrow-minded policy of the League in this respect has resulted from the simple fact that the prominent Western clubs had no outside teams to play with like the Eastern League teams had, and therefore they declined to allow the latter to participate in a profitable series of matches in which they themselves could not engage. The League season of 1879 was the most unsuccessful one, pecuniarily, known in its history; and it was due to two causes, primarily the fifty-cent tariff, and secondarily the restrictive policy referred to. The Nationals made money because of the twenty-five-cent tariff and their free-trade rule.

There is one feature of the National campaign of 1879 which calls for comment, and that is the bitter partisan feeling which was engendered between two or three of the leading club-teams. This was largely due to pool speculation, assisted by the comments on the games by the local press of some of the club-cities. There was one drawback connected with the Albany Club's share of the campaign troubles in this respect, and that was the absence of police on their grounds, the field being outside of the Albany police-precincts. Some contests at Albany last season were signalized by disreputable conduct on the part of the crowds present. The gross abuse of umpires and of visiting players is a drawback to the success of any club which permits it. A somewhat similar state of feeling existed in two or three of the New England cities.

THE GAME IN CALIFORNIA.

John Cullen, a popular player of San Francisco, Cal., where he has been a leading exponent of baseball during the past twelve seasons, was tendered a complimentary benefit on Dec. 28 at Oakland. The contestants were picked nines selected by Taylor of the Knickerbockers and Cullen, the beneficiary. The game was closely contested up to the last inning, when by powerful batting Taylor's nine secured the victory. The chief feature was Williamson's brilliant third-base play. Leary pitched very effectively for the winners, and he was ably assisted behind the bat by Taylor. Score:

TAYLOR'S.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	CULLEN'S	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Taylor, c....	4	0	1	2	2	1	Piercy, s. s..	4	1	1	1	3	1
Leary, p....	4	0	0	0	11	1	Brown, p....	4	0	1	0	9	0
Graham, 1b.	4	0	0	7	0	3	Daniels, 1b..	4	0	0	9	1	2
Keefe'nd,c.f	4	0	2	0	0	0	M'Donald, 2b.	4	1	1	2	2	4
Hamilton, 3b	4	1	1	2	2	0	Denny, r. f..	4	0	0	2	0	1
Carroll, 2b..	4	0	0	3	0	0	Cullen, c....	4	0	0	7	1	2
Fisher, s. s..	4	1	2	0	0	1	Angus, l. f..	4	0	0	1	0	0
Hayes, l. f..	4	1	2	1	2	0	Forsyth, c. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
French, r. f.	3	1	2	1	0	0	Williamson, 3b	3	2	0	3	5	0
Totals...	35	6	8	27	15	6	Totals...	35	4	3	27	29	10

Cullen's nine.... 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 3 0—4
Taylor's nine.... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 5 2—8

First base on errors—Cullen's nine, 4; Taylor's nine, 5. Left on bases—Cullen's nine, 4; Taylor's nine, 5. Struck out—Cullen's nine, 6; Taylor's nine, 4. Double-plays—Graham; Williamson, Piercy and Daniels. Passed balls—Cullen, 2. Wild pitches—Brown, 2. Umpire, Fred Monson of the Mutuals. Time, 2h. 10m.

The Union and Star Clubs played a game at the Union Grounds, San Francisco, on Dec. 28, for the benefit of James Hamilton of the Oaklands. The only noteworthy incident was a triple-play in the ninth inning, when three of the Stars occupied the bases; and Williams, the man on third, was caught between the bases; meanwhile Murdock continued to run till very close to third, so as to divert attention from the runner between third and home. The result was that Williams regained third, and that Murdock was caught between second and third, and Irwin, who was on first, ran down close to the second-baseman, Murdock also succeeding in regaining his second base. There was another chase after Irwin, between second and first, till Williams, again leaving his base, was chased between home and third, and put out, the ball being then thrown by the catcher to second to intercept Irwin, he being abandoned by the baseman so as to prevent Murdock scoring. The latter was now on his way home, but was put out before reaching it, Irwin going to third, but, being caught between the third and home, was likewise put out. The greatest excitement prevailed during the chase, and when it is borne in mind that not a single error was committed this triple-play is still more remarkable.

UNION.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	STAR.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Cullen, c....	6	3	1	7	3	0	Irwin, c....	5	0	1	2	5	1
Daniels, 1b..	6	3	2	10	0	0	Denny, 1b...	4	0	0	2	0	0
Dallas, s.s..	6	2	2	0	1	4	McDonald, 2b	4	1	1	1	2	0
Williams, r.f	5	2	2	1	0	1	Fierce, 3b...	4	0	1	0	1	3
Magendie, 2b	5	2	0	4	3	0	Hamilton, rf	4	0	0	3	1	1
Angus, 3b....	5	0	1	0	1	2	Murdock, p..	4	0	1	0	6	0
Rooney, l.f..	5	1	1	3	0	0	Reardon, p...	4	1	1	4	6	0
Burton, c.f..	5	1	1	1	0	0	A. W'ms, l.f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Eccles, p....	5	0	0	0	8	2	Murdock, s.s	4	0	1	0	2	2
Totals...	68	14	8	27	19	10	Totals...	37	3	4	17	20	8

First base on errors—Union, 6; Star, 4. Left on bases—Union, 7; Star, 3. Passed balls—Cullen, 2; Irwin 7. Struck out—Union, 3; Star, 6. Umpire, D. R. Ashley of the Athletics. Time, 2h. 40m.

The following twelve players had the best batting and fielding averages in the championship contests of the California League last season:

Players.	*Club.*	*Games.*	*Batting Average.*	*Fielding Average.*
W. Sweeney.....	California.	17	.340	.910
J. Corpstein.....	Athletic...	13	.343	.797
J. Sweeney.....	Mutual...	17	.342	.873
Cullen.....	Athletic...	10	.320	.842
O. Boyle.....	Athletic...	17	.313	.762
Degolia.....	Oakland...	9	.284	.781
Cohen.....	Oakland...	18	.284	.826
Rice.....	California.	13	.279	.808
O'Brien.....	California.	17	.257	.883
Balsiston.....	California.	17	.343	.750
McDonald.....	Athletic...	6	.241	.649
Gaskill.....	Oakland...	11	.224	.913

THE GAME IN NEW ORLEANS.

About 3,000 persons assembled in Oakland Park, New Orleans, La., on Jan. 4, to witness the game between the Eckfords of that city and the Worcesters, lately arrived from Havana. The Eckford men were badly beaten. The Worcesters played in magnificent form, fielding without an error. The public expected better play on the part of the Eckfords. Foley, Bushong and Bennett excelled in batting. It looked very much as if the Eckfords were doomed to be blanked, but Brennan made a safe hit, and was sent home by Dean's three-bagger amidst great applause; but that was their only run. Bennett of the Worcesters made a home-run by a long hit to centre-field. The following is the score:

WORCEST'R.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	ECKFORD.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wood, l.f....	6	1	1	1	0	0	Brennan, c..	4	1	1	7	3	3
Knight, 2d b.	6	3	2	3	4	0	Dean, 1st b.	4	0	1	5	0	0
Foley, r.f...	6	3	3	0	0	0	Negley, s. s.	4	0	1	1	3	2
Bennett, c..	6	4	3	8	1	0	Walton, c. f.	4	0	1	3	0	1
Witney, 3d b	6	2	3	1	2	0	Foley, 2d b.	4	0	1	2	4	0
Sullivn, 1st b	5	3	4	12	0	0	Johnson, p..	4	0	1	1	8	4
Irwin, s. s ..	5	3	3	1	1	0	W. Rice, l.f.	4	0	1	1	0	1
Bushong, c.f.	5	1	1	1	0	0	Gandry, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Nichols, p...	5	1	3	1	8	0	Clark, 3d b.	3	0	0	3	3	1
Totals...	50	21	26	27	18	0	Totals...	35	1	8	27	20	15

Worcester..... 0 2 0 3 4 3 1 1 1—21
Eckford..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1

First base on errors—Worcester, 4. First base on called balls—Worcester, 1; Eckford, 1. Passed balls—Brennan, 3. Struck out—Worcester, 5; Eckford, 6. Earned runs—Worcester, 11; Eckford, 1. Home-runs—Bennett, Three-base hits—Foley, Sullivan. Two-base hits—Bennett, Whitney, Sullivan, Irwin, Bushong, Nichols. Left on bases—Worcester, 3; Eckford, 7. Wild pitches—Johnson, 2. Umpire, D. Mack. Time, 2h. 30m.

THE BOSTON CLUB.

Harry Wright has sent us an exhaustive summary of the work performed on the ball-field by the Bostons during the season of 1879, from which we find that the Bostons commenced play last season on April 5 and concluded on Oct. 16, on both occasions being opposed to picked nines. During this period they played 109 games, 84 of which were championship contests and 25 exhibition games. Of these, from playing twenty-two times by rain; were traveling seven days, and were otherwise idle but twenty-three days in all. The Bostons won 54 out of their 84 championship and twenty out of their 25 exhibition games, an aggregate of 74 victories out of 808 runs and 1,205 base-hits, while their opponents were credited with 440 runs and 938 base-hits. The Bostons secured second position in the race for the League championship, concerning which Manager Wright says: "We did well to get second position, considering the changes made in the nine on several occasions on account of injury to the players; particularly so at the pitcher's point, Bond being in a crippled condition more or less the greater part of the season. In fact, it was most unfortunate in this respect since our opponents in 1878 our substitutes were called upon to play in two championship games only, the nine going through the season intact, with the exception of those two games. This is one of the uncertainties of baseball."

BASEBALL NOTES.

The Dubuque Club of Dubuque, Ia., have engaged the following players up to date: Sullivan, catcher; Reis, pitcher; Troy, second base; Callahan, third base; Kent, left-field and change pitcher; Loftus, right field and captain. Troy, Callahan and Kent hail from this city, where they are well known as clever players. Troy and Callahan played with the Jersey City Browns, and Kent with the New Bedfords last season.....Several prominent professionals rusted out and retired last season, including two third-basemen who had led the fielding averages in that position in both the League and International Association during 1878. The professional clubs throughout the country are drafting into their ranks more or less of young players; and fresh talent is wanted everywhere, and that it will be forthcoming is not to be doubted.....Williamson, Carey and Quest of the Chicago wrestler tendered a benefit at the Recreation Grounds, San Francisco, Cal., preparatory to their departure for the East....McVey has signed a contract with the Bay Citys of San Francisco, Cal., as catcher.....Dave Force signed with the Buffalos on Jan. 5, and this completes their nine for 1880.....Booth, formerly of the Cincinnatis, and of the Nationals of Washington last season, is disengaged at Lebanon, O. He is noted for his ability to play any position.....In our last issue the peculiarities of Al. Spalding and Brainard as pitchers were commented upon, and we now give a description of Gentle James' Galvin's delivery: He turns the ball round in his hand six times, mops his forehead with his right hand, pulls a kink out of the seat of his pants, pulls out his handkerchief and wipes his eyes, turns to the second-baseman and asks what o'clock it is, lays the ball between his feet, pats both hands in the dust, wipes the dust off on his trousers, licks the ends of his fingers, pitches the ball over his left shoulder, absorbs a little more dust with his palms, tells the boys to look out, and pitches the ball.....The Worcesters received $270 as their share of the gate-receipts in the game with the Eckfords at New Orleans, La., on Jan. 4. Manager Rancroft is endeavoring to arrange games in Galveston and Houston, Tex., and, after returning to New Orleans, and playing one or more games there, he will wend his way homeward, playing in Mobile, Montgomery, Ala.; Augusta, Atlanta, Macon, Savannah, Ga.; and Charleston, S. C., where he will take steamer for New York.....The baseball-reporter of a daily-paper was once sent to a choral church service, which he reported as follows: "Melodious Praise — Grand Choral Services—Religious circles have been on the *qui vive* for some time on account of the new choral service to be brought out at the Church of the Excellent last evening. The sacred edifice was crowded in every part by a very fashionable congregation of ladies and gentlemen. The *coup d'œil* of the field from the scorer's stand, on the left of the organ, was indescribably beautiful. No sooner was the game opened than it was apparent to all that a champion nine were getting in their work in a masterly way. As soon as the organist's hand warmed to the bat he sent a daisy-cutter to the soprano, whose voice is capable of the best fielding seen in this vicinity for several years. The tenor was caught out on a fly by his voice giving way; but his bad play was compensated for by the magnificent work the basso did as short-stop. The nine played well together, and were under the complete control of their captain."..... The stockholders of the Worcester Club, at a meeting held on Jan. 7, decided to apply for admission to the League. The nine of last year have been re-engaged, with the exception of Brady, whose position at second base will be filled by Creamer, and he, with Stovey of the New Bedfords, completes the team. Five of the nine of 1880 hail from Philadelphia..... The addition of Worcester to the League makes the number of clubs in that body eight, equally divided between the East and the West....Dong. Allison, who is temporarily residing at Bucyrus, O., has written to the Cincinnatis asking them to engage him as change-catcher. He is still a good player, and the Cincinnatis might go farther and fare worse.....Ed Nolan has not yet signed with any club, although he expects to return to San Francisco, Cal., and play there.....The Atlantics of Brooklyn defeated the Bostons about five years ago by a score of 9 to 8, but the Bostons retaliated the day following by beating the Atlantics 29 to 6. This is a very good example of the uncertainty of baseball. In the second game the Bostons made 13 runs in one inning after the first three strikers had given easy chances for outs.....One of the most singular incidents in the annals of baseball happened in a game at Brooklyn about five years ago. Kessler of the Atlantics, who was at the bat, was trying to "block" a ball—that is, allowing a ball to strike the bat and fall nearly at his feet on fair ground. The ball struck the bat, bounded up about four feet, and it actually fell into the top of his soft felt hat, which, being concave, held the ball as Kessler ran, and it did not drop out until he was near first base. It was impossible to field the ball, and it was laughable to see the astonished fielders starting as Kessler ran to first with the ball bounding up and down in the hollow of the top of his hat. Such a thing would not happen again, probably, in a thousand games—certainly it has never been equaled.....There is much to be said in favor of baseball. It will go farther in a family than a cow. A friend of ours, the fortunate proprietor of nine boys and the unfortunate owner of but one cow, was driven to the conclusion that the proportion of boy and cow was not altogether right; the lacteal proved inequal to the boy supply, so he organized his boys into a "nine," and whenever they cried for milk he gave them a club. But fortune continued to smile on him, and he became the happy proprietor of nine girls; and then, for the sake of economy in cow, he clubbed another nine. It was calculated to inspire one with much love for the national game to see those boys and girls at the breakfast-table of a morning after one of their contests for the championship. Johnny carried an arm in a sling, and Mary Ann's eyes were in deep mourning; Corioluns had two broken ribs, and Cleopatra was minus most of her front teeth. And those children went on batting one another into untimely graves, until they were all caught out of the game of life but two boys and one girl; and then, as his family had become reduced to reasonable proportions, that fond parent broke up the nines and quit writing epitaphs.....The Athletics of Philadelphia once played a picked nine who failed to score a run up to the last inning, and then they were allowed twenty-seven outs in that one inning. Sixteen were put out in succession, and when this remarkable inning was brought to a conclusion there were but three runs scored.

THE WORCESTERS' SOUTHERN TRIP.—Manager F. C. Bancroft of the Worcester Club sends us the following self-explanatory communication from New Orleans, La., under date of Jan. 7: "We closed our New Orleans engagement Sunday, Jan. 11, by playing the Washingtons in the morning and R. E. Lees in the afternoon, and depart for the North Monday morning (Jan. 12), possibly playing two or three games at Atlanta, Augusta, Savannah and Charleston, en route home. Our sojourn in the Crescent City has been both pleasant and profitable, large crowds attending every game. I deem it best not to go into Texas, not being able to secure the necessary guaranties. Our game of last Sunday, with no errors, is the talk of the city."

THE ENTERPRISE BALL.—The annual ball of the Enterprise Club of this city will take place at Tammany Hall on Monday evening, Jan. 19. Each lady in the grand march will be presented with an elegant imported bouquet, and the design consisting of a dove inlaid with feathers of assorted colors, with some frilling ornaments on the back. Each order will be put up in a box. The committee have also engaged "shadow-lights" and other attractions. The music will be under the leadership of Prof. Stack.

ATHLETIC.

PEDESTRIANISM IN VERMONT.

Barns Hall track, in Burlington, Vt., was well patronized Jan. 5. Dennis Murphy, for a purse of $20 and a bet of $10, attempted to run 10 miles farther then Henry Johnson ran the first five miles and Wm. Hudson the last five miles, their combined score to count as one man. Murphy beat Johnson three laps in 33m. 18s.; in the next five miles Hudson gained the three laps lost by Johnson, and won the race by 100 feet, covering his five miles in 33m. 13s. The 10 miles were run in 1h. 6m. 31s. John Johnson walked one mile to beat 8 minutes, doing it in 7m. 57s. Judge Hall also met with defeat with Master John in regard to heel-and-toe rule. Twelve men started in a one-hour relay race, four relays of three men, every man to cover one mile before leaving track. Relay No. 2 won, covering 9 miles 7 laps. Track 4 laps to the mile. The match is to be concluded by a tug-of-war between teams from Barns Hose. This Dennis Murphy is the Canadian runner Geo. Irvine, formerly of Ottawa, but now a resident of Burlington.

SPORT IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Several events were decided on the Recreation Grounds, San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 27, the results of which are herewith given: Five-mile run, $25—Bob, an Apache Indian, 1; P. Guerrero, 2, by two yards and a half; R. M. Locke, 0; L. D. Switzer, 0. Time, 31min. 125yds. handicap run, $30—W. Gilten (3 yds. start), 1; King Hedley (18), 2; F. E. Davis (scratch), 3; W. Woods (18), 4. Time, 12¾s. Three-mile go-as-you-please, $50, for women—Lillie Ferguson, 1; Rhoda Lee, 2, by a lap (three laps to a mile); Belle Walton, 3; Annie Hall, 4. Time, 27m. Gentleman-mile run—F. E. Davis, 1; Gilpin, 2; Woods, 3. The time was announced as 50sec., which, if correct, and the race a level one from a standing-start, is the best made by a professional in the States. On the first night of the six-day contest at the Pavilion, Dec. 29, a two-hour go-as-you-please race, for women, took place there, with this result: Tek Sek, an Indian girl, 13 3-7 miles; Miss Barrett, 13 2-7 miles; Alice Donly, 12 2-7 miles.

D. C. Ross, the well-known Caledonian athlete, and J. S. Barnes, noted as a sprint-runner, have joined hands in the proprietorship of a boxing, fencing and general athletic school at Belleville, Ontario, and the prospects are that they will do exceedingly well, having already ninety-eight pupils. Both are capable men in their lines of business, and we expect to hear of the membership-list increasing, while we shall be much surprised if the season of 1880 does not show practical results of the instruction there obtained by aspiring young men.

THE NEW GYMNASIUM which has been constructed and fitted up entirely at the expense of Augustus Hemenway and presented by him to Harvard University, was opened on Thursday, Jan. 8. From a very full description in the new and bright college daily, *The Harvard Echo*, we learn that the new institution is among the largest and most thoroughly furnished of all in the country, and for the facilities here provided for improving their physical condition the students of old Harvard should be truly thankful.

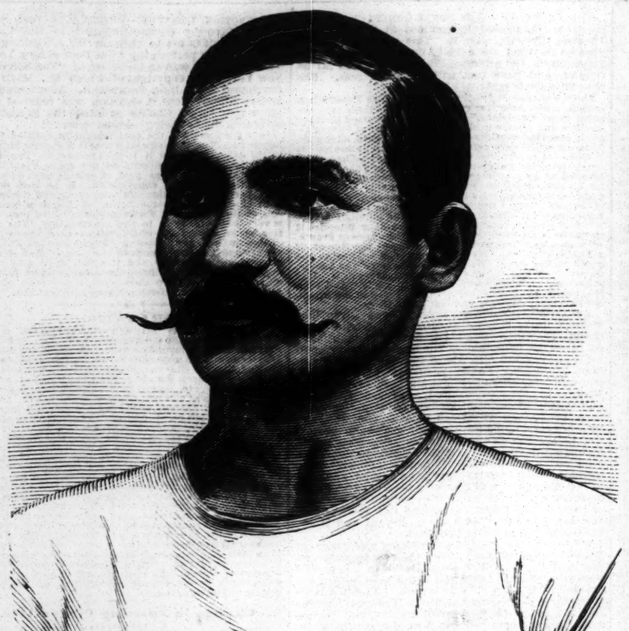
GENTLEMEN residing in New Orleans propose getting up a six-day go-as-you-please tournament, to take place there about the first week in March. They intend giving cash prizes amounting to two or three thousand dollars. Pedestrians who are desirous of entering are requested to send their names to "Manager, care of J. A. Walker, New Orleans, La.," and they will receive a circular, giving full particulars as to prizes and conditions.

JOHN J. SHEA, foreman of Barnes Hose of Burlington, Vt., was, on the evening of Jan. 5, at Market Hall, presented with a handsome blue-silk running-costume, the donors being the members of the company, who chose this method of expressing their appreciation of his constant efforts to advance the interests of the organization which won the championship of the National tournament in 1878.

MISS LULA LOOMER on Jan. 8, after completing her two hundredth half-mile, abandoned her attempt to walk several thousand half-miles in as many half-hours at Allston Hall, Boston, Mass. The alleged reason was that she had contracted a severe cold. Haskell also stopped.

THE MANAGERS of the Bloomfield Skating-pond, Newark, N. J., announce a curling match to take place there on Jan. 15 between teams of New Jersey and New York curlers. The contest, as announced, will be for a gold medal, and each side will consist of forty players.

THE WRESTLING MATCH between H. M. Dufur of Marlboro, Mass., and George W. Flagg of Braintree, Vt., for $500 and the championship at collar-and-elbow holds, will take place at City Hall, Burlington, Vt., on the evening of Jan. 15.



C. W. WEISCERBER, Sculler.

The promising oarsman whose name and portrait appear above was born Feb. 24, 1854, stands 5 feet 9¼ inches in height, and weighs 147lb. His occupation is that of a blacksmith, and we first heard of him as a member of the C. P. Brown Boat Club of Wheeling, W. Va., in 1875. He made his first public appearance as a sculler in a match with James Johnston, one mile straightaway, for $200, in September of the next year. In October following he defeated Gus Hanke, three miles with a turn, for $500, both races being rowed at Wheeling. On Sept. 22, 1877, he first appeared in the good time of 21min. 15sec. So close had been this race that it was no wonder the friends of the loser felt that he still had a chance, and, in hope of getting back what they had lost, they made another match, this time Seiglo—Lillie. They rowed Sept. 27 last, and Weisgerber won in a ding-dong race by a length and a half in 20m. 58⅗s. George is a fine sculler, is improving, has lots of friends and money behind him, and it is not unlikely that he will be heard of in races with better-known men next season.

THE RING.

AN OLD LANDMARK.

Within sound of Dr. Chapin's pulpit-oratory, half a stone's throw from the great Windsor Hotel, and in the midst of the palaces of the Vanderbilts and other men of vast wealth, is a small, old-fashioned brick building, kept by an old Teuton, named Van Glahn, and devoted to the business of liquidly refreshing the inner man. The marble Cathedral and magnificent churches sprinkled among the brownstone mansions of metropolitan millionaires completely hem in the old Dutch homestead; but it is not affected thereby. It has stood on the northwest corner of fashionable Fifth avenue and Forty-fifth street for more than thirty years, and is approached by a descent of several steps, sheltered by a substantial wooden awning. The interior is equally old-fashioned—a tall man being easily able to reach the ceiling. The owner of the corner is still living, and is now nearly seventy years of age, but his two sons have charge of the business. The walls are lined with rare old sporting-prints, and amongst them are a number of THE CLIPPER pictorials, issued annually when pugilism was among the popular sports. There are also numerous engravings of a similar character taken from THE CLIPPER, together with that representing the great fight between Heenan and Sayers, and lithographs of Heenan, Sayers, Morrissey, Paddock and others of note in the past. Besides these may be seen a large glass case containing firemen's trumpets, hats, fronts, belts, badges, etc., some of which are very interesting to old New-Yorkers. The fronts of the fire-hats worn by Wm. M. Tweed, Harry Howard, Billy Walsh, Jim Miller (engineer), Matt Brennan, Norman and Johnny McCloud, Pete Weir, Howard O'Hara, Elisha Kingsland (trumpet and hat), Jack Slote and Jack Long are among the collection, every one having its peculiar history. The time, trouble and expense involved in collecting these trophies cannot be estimated, and anyone will be well paid by making a visit to this veritable "old-curiosity shop" whenever he may be strolling along the magnificent avenue lined with stately edifices, which are standing monuments to the immense wealth of the metropolis of the New World.

DONNELLY'S TESTIMONIAL.

That Billy Donnelly's popularity in sporting, political and other circles is not on the wane was attested by the audience which assembled in the Olympic Theatre, this city, on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 6. The day was stormy and decidedly unpleasant for outdoor travel, but, notwithstanding this disagreeable fact, every seat in all parts of the house was occupied, and many persons took standing positions, while among those present were a number of well-known personages, and more "old-timers" than we've seen gathered together for years. The entertainment consisted entirely of singing, dancing, sketches and recitations by professional and amateur volunteers, there being no sparring at all. Mons. La Thorne, the experienced stage-manager, was at the helm, and under his direction everything ran as smoothly as might have been expected. Donnelly left for Florida on the Saturday preceding the show, the business-management of which was in the hands of ex-Judge Tony Hartman and Blyth Adamson, members of the Board of Excise; and, by their exertions and that of other personal friends of Billy who interested themselves in securing the success of the entertainment, the receipts amounted, we understand, to about $2,500, which no one will begrudge the beneficiary, whose trip to the Land of Flowers will, we hope, result in his speedy and complete restoration to health.

HICKEN CHALLENGES NORTON.

The following communication was accompanied by fifty dollars:

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Jan. 3, 1880.

DEAR SIR.—In some of the Philadelphia papers Charles Norton has been advertised as the light-weight champion of England, and upon one occasion of his friends offered to match him against me. Since that I have looked up my friends, and I hereby challenge Charles Norton of Newark, N. J., to fight me according to the new rules of the London P. R., at from 130lb to 133lb, for the sum of $250, open for $500 a side. The fight to take place in six, seven or eight weeks from signing articles. Inclosed you will find fifty dollars, to show that I mean business, and by Mr. Norton covering the said deposit and forwarding articles to your office, I will take pleasure in signing them. Yours respectfully, HARRY HICKEN.

"CHAMPIONS OF ENGLAND."—The most recent addition to the literature of the prize-ring is entitled "Lives and Battles of the Champions of England," and to the admirers of the prowess of the great boxers of the past it is the most interesting of Ed. James' numerous contributions to the list of sporting publications. The book is a handy size, contains in condensed form the history of the men who have figured most prominently in the British prize-ring from 1700 down to the present day, and is illustrated by portraits, some of which now appear in print for the first time. Copies may be had from the publisher in Mrs. Greenah's shop and hat), Jack Slote and Jack Long are among the collection, every one having its peculiar history. The time, trouble and expense involved in collecting these trophies cannot be estimated, and anyone will be well paid by making a visit to this veritable "old-curiosity shop" whenever he may be strolling along the magnificent avenue lined with stately edifices, which are standing monuments to the immense wealth of the metropolis of the New World.

JIM MACE has taken a lease of the Victoria Racing Club Hotel, in Rourke street, Melbourne, Australia. This is the leading sporting-house at the Antipodes, and the friends of the "cleverest man in the world" will be

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal-laws, all letters for transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for weeks ending P. M., MONDAY, Jan. 12.

LADIES' LIST.

Archer, Mattie
Arzid, Ella
Arnold, Grace
Barrene, Marie
Branscombe, Maude
Bernetta or Mrs. N. Bionsom, Millie
Burdeau, Mrs. Jane
Brooks, Kate (Australian p. o. mark)
Bowers, Mrs. D. F.
Bell, Lillie E. (voltiquist)
Brushfield, W.
Bayly, Jas. S.
Bloom, M. E.
Bintz, Francois R.
Beinap, W. (of Lilliputian Op. Co.)
Brigham, Bishop, Jr.
Brown, Col. T. A.
Batcheller & Dorin
Burns, J. (of Sellon & Burns
Barlor Bros.
Bingham, J. W.
Bliss, Geo. (with The Grand)
Barrett, Louis
Barlow, W. (of Barlow Bros.)
Barbour, Geo. A.
Brooks, A. (of Wyne & Tiffany's Co)
Burnett, Ali.
Baldwin, S. S.
Barlow, Milt G.
Bland, J. (of Sprague's Minst.)
Brindis, Jos. R. (2)
Cook, E. P.
Cardello, Chas. W.
Cody, W. F.
Carroll, R. M.
Cecil, Prof. A. A.
Cooper, Harry
Cooper & Bailey's Cir.
"C. T. B." (musical "biz")
Clark, La chellor & Doris (Cir.)
Cardello, C. (of Cardella & Victorelli)
Cressville, J. H. (2)
Clifton, F. R. (2)
Costley, Jos.
Colby, W. (3)
Chapman, J. C.
Cox & Erwood
Clarke, Charles B.
Chapman, Jack
Coyle, M. (of Forepaugh's Circus)
Curry & Hall
Castelle, David
Consterinni (2)
Cardello, Chas. (2)
Carner, J. W.
Chisholm, H. G. (manager)
Coup, W. C. (4)
Crossley & Elder
Cerent, Harry
Cooper, Geo. (Cooper & Bailey)
Costello, G. (of Anderson & Co. Cir.)
Colbert, David (vocalist)
Canon, Jr., Kit
Carroll, Chas. & Lillie
Carner, J. W.
Carter & Bailey
Caseman, D. W. (2)
Crimmings, Jack
Coyle, M.
Campbell, Bartley (3)
Clapham, H.
Clooney & Ryan
Denham, L. (of 5th Ave. Theatre)
DeHaven, G. W. (2)
Dowling, J. J.
Dykeman, John
Dashington Bros. (2)
Denport, H.
Dumont, Frank (4)
Dingess, John A.
Deimandy's Minst. (of Delmaning Bros.)
Devlin & Tracy (2)
Dubois, — (three-in-king)
Dazey, Mitchell
Dooley, Harry (musst. "biz")
Davene, W. (of Davene Family, 2 16c.)
Dodge, O. F.
Demott, James
Davis, O. L.
Daly, — (of Clary & Daly)
Donohue, Johnny 3c.
Dodge, Ben
Dunbar, E. C.
Dedarmo, Chas.
Donnelly, Michael
Duncan, A. O.
Doris, J. B.
Dudley, Lew (gymnast)
Ellis, Frank (late of Philadelphia)
Eugene & Gaston
Elsworth, Geo.
Emmet, J. K.
Eades, Harry
"F. W. G." (2)
Furnaud, J. W.
Farrar, E. (of Favor & Shields)
Ferrazzi, L. (of Campbell's Minst. & Fostelle, Chas. (2)
Forepaugh, Jr., A. J.
Freise, A.
Fehrmann, Max (musician)
Forepaugh, A.
Frost, Hyatt
Ferns ter, W. (p. o. m. London, Eng.
Fox, J. K. (of B. W. & W.'s Minst.
Fostelle, Belle (3)
Foy, Josie
Fillmore, Fannie
Gray, Maggie (vocalist)
Gould, Minnie (2)
Graham, Lillie
Gill, Mrs. W. B.
Hindle, Annie
Harris, Sadie (of Vincent's Blondes)
Harris, Maude
Howorth, Mrs. M. E.
Hughes, Jennie
Howard, Carrie (vocalist)
Halleck, Agnes
Howard, Mrs. Hattie
Idaletta & Wallace
Just, Helen (of Florance's Co.)
Neal, Lenda
Kerwick, Nellie
Kerwin, Minnie
Lyle, Edith
Lingel, Mrs. Kate
Lee, Pauline (2)
Leaman, Clara V.
Livingstone, May
McCain Sisters
Mulvey, Lizzie
Morton, Mrs. Kate
Marshall, Florence
McDowell, Kate
Nasretta, Nellie
Munroe, G. (of Munroe & Perry)
Mackenzie, Archie (manager)
Mack, Harry (late of Harmon's Tea.)
"Magique"
Mitchell, Harry (late of Lockport, N. Y.) (2)
Morris, Frank (musician)
Matthews, W. C.
McCarthy, Carley
Murray, John H.
Mook, J. H. (of Forbes' Co.)
Medlechey, M. E.
Nelson, Ida
Nelson & Burns
Sexton, M. C.
Samuells, A. B.
Sleeper, Hal
Sayers, Tom (2 10c.)
Sawin, G. A.
Stetson, Harry
Shanlon, Ed.
Saville & Lee
Swonbourne, C.
Sparks Bros.
Saville, J. G.
Strickland, Mr.
"Traveling Manager"
Taylor, C. W. (of Sprague's Minn.)
Tudor, J.
Thomson, G. W.
Texas Jack (musical "biz")
Talbert, (of Talbert, Trevor, Maurice Thompson & Waldron
Thatcher, Geo.
Tracy, Dan (of Devlin & Tracy)
Turner, Chas.
Turner, G. H.
Trew, Dan
VanAmburgh Circus (3)
VanJacob, C.
VanZandt, A. D.
VonBrun, Hugo
Valdare, Jas.
Victorelli, H.
Ventini, Mons.
Watson, S. C.
Welsh, Chas.
Williams, Jessie
Wylie, Jas.
Wingfield, John (2)
Winnett, Thos.
Woods, Manager
Welston, H. P. (2)
Winter, Banks
Watson, R. (2)
Wilson, Jas. R.
Woods, Geo. W.
Wood, Harry & Minnie
Woodville, Jas.
Wald, Johnny
Wheeler, Ed.
Whitfield, Geo.
Wesendorff, R. (of Barnum & Cir.)
Woods, J. H.
Wilkinson, Chas. (of Uncle Tom's Cab. Co.)
West, W. (pantomimist)
Williams, H. A. B.
Whettoney, Leon
Wes on, Frank
Welch, J.
Wade, B. (of Hi Henry's Minst.)
Watson, G. (of Thea. Manager)
Watson & Nelson, (clog-dancers)
Young, Ben
Zolutia, Aggie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Amam, Andy (Dutch "biz")
Aubrey, Robt. (7)
Ahrendt, Carl
Aymar, W. F.
Adams, Jr., W.
Anderson, C. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Aston, — (of Conklin's Combination)
Andrea, Prof. (Illusionist)
Aymar, Fred.
Atkins, O'Ka.
Bell, John C.
Bowron, Geo.
Bazzier, G. R. (2)
Burns, Thos.
Bennett, Harry
Barnum, P. T.
Brazzier, R. L.
Barker, A. G.
Gibbons & Bank (2)
Brazzier, J. T.
Benton, Chas.
Bishop, J. S.
Brazier, R. K. L.
Bailey, G. (of Howard Athenæum)
Bray, W. H.
Brisbane, — (ventriloquist)
Brushfield, W.
Bayly, Jas. S.
Bloom, M. E.
Bintz, Francois R.
Beinap, W. (of Lilliputian Op. Co.)
Brigham, Bishop, Jr.
Brown, Col. T. A.
Batcheller & Dorin
Burns, J. (of Sellon & Burns
Barlor Bros.
Bingham, J. W.
Bliss, Geo. (with The Grand)
Barrett, Louis
Barlow, W. (of Barlow Bros.)
Barbour, Geo. A.
Brooks, A. (of Wyne & Tiffany's Co)
Burnett, Ali.
Baldwin, S. S.
Barlow, Milt G.
Bland, J. (of Sprague's Minst.)
Brindis, Jos. R. (2)
Cook, E. P.
Cardello, Chas. W.
Cody, W. F.
Carroll, R. M.
Cecil, Prof. A. A.
Cooper, Harry
Cooper & Bailey's Cir.
"C. T. B." (musical "biz")
Clark, La chellor & Doris (Cir.)
Cardello, C. (of Cardella & Victorelli)
Cressville, J. H. (2)
Clifton, F. R. (2)
Costley, Jos.
Colby, W. (3)
Chapman, J. C.
Cox & Erwood
Clarke, Charles B.
Chapman, Jack
Coyle, M. (of Forepaugh's Circus)
Curry & Hall
Castelle, David
Consterinni (2)
Cardello, Chas. (2)
Carner, J. W.
Chisholm, H. G. (manager)
Coup, W. C. (4)
Crossley & Elder
Cerent, Harry
Cooper, Geo. (Cooper & Bailey)
Costello, G. (of Anderson & Co. Cir.)
Colbert, David (vocalist)
Canon, Jr., Kit
Carroll, Chas. & Lillie
Carner, J. W.
Carter & Bailey
Caseman, D. W. (2)
Crimmings, Jack
Coyle, M.
Campbell, Bartley (3)
Clapham, H.
Clooney & Ryan
Denham, L. (of 5th Ave. Theatre)
DeHaven, G. W. (2)
Dowling, J. J.
Dykeman, John
Dashington Bros. (2)
Denport, H.
Dumont, Frank (4)
Dingess, John A.
Deimandy's Minst. (of Delmaning Bros.)
Devlin & Tracy (2)
Dubois, — (three-in-king)
Dazey, Mitchell
Dooley, Harry (musst. "biz")
Davene, W. (of Davene Family, 2 16c.)
Dodge, O. F.
Demott, James
Davis, O. L.
Daly, — (of Clary & Daly)
Donohue, Johnny 3c.
Dodge, Ben
Dunbar, E. C.
Dedarmo, Chas.
Donnelly, Michael
Duncan, A. O.
Doris, J. B.
Dudley, Lew (gymnast)
Ellis, Frank (late of Philadelphia)
Eugene & Gaston
Elsworth, Geo.
Emmet, J. K.
Eades, Harry
"F. W. G." (2)
Furnaud, J. W.
Farrar, E. (of Favor & Shields)
Ferrazzi, L. (of Campbell's Minst. & Hamlin's Thea.)
Fostelle, Chas. (2)
Forepaugh, Jr., A. J.
Freise, A.
Fehrmann, Max (musician)
Forepaugh, A.
Frost, Hyatt
Ferns ter, W. (p. o. m. London, Eng.
Fox, J. K. (of B. W. & W.'s Minst.
Fostelle, Belle (3)
Foy, Josie
Fillmore, Fannie
Gray, Maggie (vocalist)
Gould, Minnie (2)
Graham, Lillie
Gill, Mrs. W. B.
Hindle, Annie
Harris, Sadie (of Vincent's Blondes)
Harris, Maude
Howorth, Mrs. M. E.
Hughes, Jennie
Howard, Carrie (vocalist)
Halleck, Agnes
Howard, Mrs. Hattie
Idaletta & Wallace
Just, Helen (of Florance's Co.)
Neal, Lenda
Kerwick, Nellie
Kerwin, Minnie
Lyle, Edith
Lingel, Mrs. Kate
Lee, Pauline (2)
Leaman, Clara V.
Livingstone, May
McCain Sisters
Mulvey, Lizzie
Morton, Mrs. Kate
Marshall, Florence
McDowell, Kate
Nasretta, Nellie
Munroe, G. (of Munroe & Perry)
Mackenzie, Archie (manager)
Mack, Harry (late of Hamlin's Thea.)
"Magique"
Mitchell, Harry (late of Lockport, N. Y.) (2)
Morris, Frank (musician)
Matthews, W. C.
McCarthy, Carley
Murray, John H.
Mook, J. H. (of Forbes' Co.)
Medlechey, M. E.
Nelson, Ida
Nelson & Burns
Sexton, M. C.
Samuells, A. B.
Sleeper, Hal
Sayers, Tom (2 10c.)
Sawin, G. A.
Stetson, Harry
Shanlon, Ed.
Saville & Lee
Swonbourne, C.
Sparks Bros.
Saville, J. G.
Strickland, Mr.
"Traveling Manager"
Taylor, C. W. (of Sprague's Minn.)
Tudor, J.
Thomson, G. W.
Texas Jack (musical "biz")
Talbert, (of Talbert, Trevor, Maurice Thompson & Waldron
Thatcher, Geo.
Tracy, Dan (of Devlin & Tracy)
Turner, Chas.
Turner, G. H.
Trew, Dan
VanAmburgh Circus (3)
VanJacob, C.
VanZandt, A. D.
VonBrun, Hugo
Valdare, Jas.
Victorelli, H.
Ventini, Mons.
Watson, S. C.
Welsh, Chas.
Williams, Jessie
Wylie, Jas.
Wingfield, John (2)
Winnett, Thos.
Woods, Manager
Welston, H. P. (2)
Winter, Banks
Watson, R. (2)
Wilson, Jas. R.
Woods, Geo. W.
Wood, Harry & Minnie
Woodville, Jas.
Wald, Johnny
Wheeler, Ed.
Whitfield, Geo.
Wesendorff, R. (of Barnum & Cir.)
Woods, J. H.
Wilkinson, Chas. (of Uncle Tom's Cab. Co.)
West, W. (pantomimist)
Williams, H. A. B.
Whettoney, Leon
Wes on, Frank
Welch, J.
Wade, B. (of Hi Henry's Minst.)
Watson, G. (of Thea. Manager)
Watson & Nelson, (clog-dancers)
Young, Ben
Zolutia, Aggie

CORNET, Jersey City.—1. "Perquser" is not a theatrical term, although sometimes it is paraded on the bills in connection with the staff of a theatre. It then means hair-dresser. More strictly, it means wig-maker. It is a French word. 2. "Embouchoir" and not "Embouchure," is the mouthpiece of a wind-instrument. The latter word means the mouth or outfall of anything.

READER, Boston.—The difference between an amateur and a professional actor is that the latter makes his living by acting, and the former either makes his in some other way or does'n make it at all. The amateur plays for the sake of true art, so to speak, in some cases being spurred on by the hope of one day becoming a professional of high degree.

L. D. C., Utica.—The opera "Ruy Blas" was first given in this city during the season of 1874 by the Strakosch Opera Company with the following cast: Signors Palermini, Queen of Spain; Sig. Del Puente, Don Sallustio; Sig. *Scolara*, Don Guritano; Miss Cary, Carilda; Sig. Carpi, Ruy Blas.

WATT, Buffalo.—1. It probably originated from the phenomenal success of the sporting mece called "Tom and Jerry," when first produced, about fifty years ago. 2. The poem "Somebody's Mother" was published in THE CLIPPER of Feb. 15, 1879.

E. H. H.—1. Thomas Maguire is the manager of Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco. 2. You should state exactly what you desire to find out. That clause does not play combinations, and we have not the space to give a list of the company, it not possessing general interest.

MERRELL, Lexington, Ky.—Prof. Pepper's ghost, that, having been an Ethiopian comedian, he formerly lived in Trenton, N. J., and a hundred other places. Only Connecticut towns were mentioned in the obituary notice.

J. P., Philadelphia.—It is a matter of opinion who is the most artistic banjo-player in the world. Were we to express ours, it might please some, but it would certainly offend five thousand and a half banjoists.

HASTINGS.—"Joshua Whitcomb" has been patched together from time to time. Originally it was a mere sketch in variety theatres. The patching has probably been done by Den Thompson himself.

J. A., Baltimore.—As you do not wish to begin in your own city, make application to the manager of a theatre in some other city, or endeavor to join a traveling party starting out from your own.

MALIA, Newport.—The license varies in different places, and in some there is none at all. It is the duty of the company's business-manager or advance-agent to be fully posted as to such matters.

C. A. B., New York; G. AND S. S., Atlanta; AND J. W. W., Covington.—We cannot in this column undertake to give routes ahead, addresses of professionals, etc. Watch our amusement columns.

CHARLES C. GRINNELL, brother-in-law of W. J. Sully of Williamsport, and Sully, when he ascertain Mr. Sully's address. The inquirer's address is No. 44 Village street, Boston.

H. S., Cleveland.—Our amusement columns are for the purpose of pointing out the whereabouts of professionals from time to time. Please consult them.

A SUBSCRIBER, Fort Omaha.—1. The trouble occurred in November, 1877. It was the brother of Sam Sharpley. 2. Kelly and Leon are not in Australia.

M. S. H., Baltimore.—"The Skids are Out To-day" is published by W. A. Pond & Co. You can get it of almost any music-publisher in your city.

BUFFALO, Hoboken.—1. Cheevers and Kennedy are at the Antipodes. See our Australian letter this week. 2. Thanks, but we do not need it.

H. D., Toronto.—Miss Josie Bailey has this season filled different engagements. A couple of months ago she became supporting F. C. Bangs.

M. S., Chicago.—Billy Arlington is not dead. Either watch our amusement columns or address him in care of THE CLIPPER Postoffice.

W. H., Auburn.—We do not know her. Possibly that is her private name, instead of the one by which she is known professionally.

F. J., Milwaukee.—Joseph Jefferson was not the original impersonator of Rip Van Winkle, and therefore he is still before the public.

MR. C. A. EMERSON, of Harrisonville, Cass Co., Mo., wishes the address of Mark Millinger, who, she says, is a theatrical performer.

J. C., Portsmouth.—We have not heard from J. N. Goodall since about two months ago, when he advertised in our columns.

BRANDT, Hillsboro.—Please state what kind of dancing you are interested in. There are different and distinct branches.

J. J. B.—Apply to F. Rietzel, Musical Union, 203 Fifth street, or Henry Tissington, Union-square Theatre, New York.

W. J. C., Dallas.—Interview some manager, traveling or stationary, and impress him with your qualifications.

J. C. DE, Petrolia.—The "Blue Danube Waltzes" were published first in Vienna, Austria.

J. D., Bonaueville.—Sells Brothers' Great European Circus is wintering in Columbus, O.

H. G., Brooklyn.—8. Punch the minstrel is dead.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Jan. 12, 1880.

The Spring-like weather during the latter part of the past week gave an impetus to the theatrical boom which gladdens the heart of managers and puts them on a level with the editorial profession, so far as amiability and brotherly-love are concerned. When we tell you that on the 10th and 11th of January, 1880, open barouches, ladened with delicate ladies and precocious children, and drawn by proudly prancing horses, clothed in elegant harness, were to be seen by the dozens in Central Park, you may feel disposed to bite your pen in two, and call us descendants of Ananias; but when we assure you that we speak sooth in these revelations, and are willing to take one hundred affidavits as to their truth, you will sneak off like a whipped spitz dog, and claim your indulgence. Then we place pilcd in his sash like cords of hickory wood; golden eagles swarmed around and about him like mosquitoes in the undulating swamps of Jersey; bonds and other precious securities took the place of his manuscripts; strong men fought for his autograph, and small children cried for his name as a new-born children cried before. With his olden-time modesty, he stuck to his clam-soup and fish-cakes; had a kind word for all, yea, verily, even for those who had leveled him and called him horse; to the few whom he had been permitted to "stand off" he bore no malice, but returned after many days, and squared things like the honest man he is. Jimmy, is the machine in tune this morning? "Two or three cogs is loose; but she kin still make music." Is she greased? "I grose her last night while I was courtin' to my luv." Well, give her her head and let her go:

"MY PARTNER."

Who sought him at the early dawn,
And patched his pants when they were torn,
And told him not to be forlorn?
"My Partner."

Who bade him hold his head up straight,
And told him he'd not long be wait,
And cited Hayes, at "seven to eight?"
"My Partner."

Who propped him firm upon his feet,
And gave him ham-and-eggs to eat,
And beer in schooners one foot deep?
"My Partner."

Who saw him bounding on the tide
That led to fame and fortune wide,
Caressed and praised on every side?
"My Partner."

Who paved the way for gay or grave,
For Chevalier or "Dalley Slave,"
For all managers for him did rave?
"My Partner."

Who led him through the wilderness,
In spite of storms and sore distresses,
And pasted on his flag, "Success?"
THE CLIPPER.

.....Wonder what Sarah's about? Bernhardt, we mean. We haven't heard much of her since she had that row with her manager. Isn't it time to stand her up again for the American market?.....Lowell mourns for her "lost love," and the drama there is at a "dead Locke.".....Say! Considering the character of the opera now a-running at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, would it be permissable to call that house an "orphan asylum?".....It does not look as if the "First Life Guard at Brighton" would have a long life at the Broadway.—at least not a bright 'un.....Curiosities a-vertised for sale in THE CLIPPER don't have to wait long for customers. That horse with eight legs went off like hot cakes, and the man is sorry that he didn't ask more for him. Horses with eight legs are not dropped every day, and now there is likely to be a corner in horses like that. A horse without a mane didn't re-mane long on hand either. Somebody told us a few days ago that horses with switch-tails are in great demand. Their switches are needed for the ladies.....'Imperial Circus" opens to-night. We like the name; it sounds high-toned. They've got a talented troupe to open with, including some of the best riders that ever saw-dust, and some leapers that surpass the extraordinary feats of those who "jumped the bounty" during war times, and that's saying a good deal. .....French Flats" is getting tired, else the public is getting tired of it, and so it will soon be laid out flat in order that other novelties may be produced. They didn't care much for "other novelties" when a play had got a hold "catch-as-catch-can" in other seasons at the Union-square.....Down town a new combination has been formed for the purpose of going on the road, or, rather, the streets of New York. There are but two men in it; one plays the organ, while his partner makes things howl with his cornet. "That Little German Band" should look to its laurels, or this pair of trumps will rake 'em in.....Manager Wallack is trying "She Stooks to Conquer" once more. The stoop is all right enough, but to conquer is quite another matter. Wonder why they don't try Boucicault's "Shaughraun" again at this house? It used to fill up when everything else failed.....The play will be "All the Rage" at the Novelty Theatre, Brooklyn, next week. This speaks well for the dramatic taste of that burg, and is one of the results of connecting Brooklyn with New York by means of the new bridge.....The charitable nature of New York may easily be seen when we inform our readers that there was quite a lively discussion in one of our courts last week in order to see which side Edmund Yates was in charge of—Yates or Jones.

.....John Smith's "Tourists in a Pullman Palace-car" are making things jump at Haverly's Theatre. "The Strategists" exhibited much strategy in getting away before the "Pullman" train got in.....Why didn't Haverly surprise the natives, secure the jury and witnesses in the Hayden trial with a view of exhibiting them in this city? Somebody had better think about it, instead of bothering with Shakespeare and men of his stamp. .....Harry Dingeon's fun was in New Orleans last week. "When lovely woman stoops to folly" we forget the rest of it.....'A Constant Reader" is respectfully informed that the Spanish Students" is not to be introduced into the medical profession.....Frank Mayo has faith in his new play. It will be the success of the season, and he expects people to bow down to it because it is "The Golden Calf." Sure enough.....How's Max Maretzek getting along? By the way, what is this veteran of the musical stage lag superfluous off it.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Charles Henry Etienne Edmond Desnoyers, a French writer of vaudevilles, a and since 1856 the dramatic critic of *Le Siecle*, died in Paris about ten days ago, in his sixty-sixth year. In literature he was best known by his pseudonym of "De Bieville." He and Bayard were collaborateurs in the Palais Royal Academy of Music. Lemoletrama he produced "Les Fanfarons de Vice," "Les Dessous des Cartes" and "Evie le Fantone," and for the Theatre Francais he and Eugene Scribe wrote "Les Deux Nids." Of the latter piece Scribe once said: "Desnoyers is a staple dish he was wont to set before the people of Richmond, Va., when he was a manager there. It suggested nothing to me."

"At the Marshall Theatre three stars are certain—Mr. and Mrs. George Jones and the new drop-curtain," Mrs. Jones' sensational journalism of San Francisco as to deny that in placing ample pin-money at the disposal of her husband she is actuated by the hope, sardonic rather than Siddonic, to be able to drink himself to death. She is probably not able to ask, in this connection, if it is necessary, no matter how fit it may be, for one who is born of Canter to die of decanter. The Jones Royal Academy of Music has sustained an irreparable loss. The Duke of Edinburgh has voluntarily ceased to be a director of it.....It is represented that the Philadelphia Academy of Music enthusiasm attended Henry Carter's organ-concert at the Cincinnati Music Hall on the night of Jan. 3 ..... At last accounts Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin and Lady Lecky were enjoying their honeymoon in a choice bit of English landscape, far from the city's din. Lady Benedict is the very youthful Miss Agnes Zimmerman, and can play a concerto forty, unless pianoforte—a pianist who until recently was a student at the Royal Academy of Music. Sir Julius Benedict is a German pianist, composer and conductor of celebrity that even in the streets of New York could be seen roses and lilies and daisies and sweet-scented shrubs, and —" That will do, Jimmy; the flowers you have named are the productions of the hothouse, and are not to be found in the open air. The florists, but those to which we have alluded were of the earth earthy, and of open-air growth, growthy.] The theatrical boom which favored the most enterprising of our own managers seems to have touched at other places, and gives a fresh impetus to the stage and its workers. The merry-go-rounders appear to be most favored, but other rounders come in for a liberal share of public patronage. Comic opera serves its purpose well, and variety keeps its end up with wonderful strength. Variety is defined as "There are none so poor to do it reverence," if you know what that means. That is why, we suppose, a cunning tragedian, panting for glory, turns his back upon the metropolis and goes where he *thinks* "glory awaits him" in the culinued Eastern circuit. And yet, with all its tribulations in Maine and Boston, surely the Eastern cup must be full to the brim. Let us bespeak him fair welcome, and sympathetic audiences.....With what unanimity we all take the rising American dramatist by the hand, and breathe words of approbation and encouragement into his auricular appendages. Time was, and that not long ago, when Bartley Campbell was scouted as a boy can be. Then, when he for him was seen approaching any sacred temple of the drama, managers would flee from him as they would flee from a pestilence; no theatrical gate was left ajar for him, no indefatigable treasurer took him by the hand, and said, "Bart, my boy, how's your wife is good—I'll e'en speak to him." No business-manager asked him to lunch, nor sought his company at the eventide meal. No fresh keg of beer was tapped for him as he eagerly scanned the countenances of the habitues of the bar in the hope of seeing, at least, *one* friendly mug and hearing the kindly greeting of *one* professional reader of new plays. Many ridiculed him, and said all manner of evil things against him, and would have voided their venom upon him had they not feared the wrath to come. Almost friendless, with manuscripts cropping out from every pocket and coign of 'vantage in his Summer duster, the subject of our discourse seemed more like a stranger in a strange land than as one born to the manner born. But he bore up under tribulations, when he was ready to give up the battle of life and sink down in his tracks, it was THE CLIPPER that took him by the hand and breathed hope and trust to the weary worker: it was THE CLIPPER that showed him the way to success. It was a youth with an old and tattered American flag in his hand and he a-toiling up the rugged way that led to fame and fortune. From that time he took a new lease of life, bought a small flag of the Free, and, shaking the dust from his feet, he and it began to go up higher, stopping to rest like old Progress in *his* pilgrimage; sitting down on a curbstone while he ate of his crackers and cheese; starting off again, forever toiling, toiling, slaking his thirst at a cool and refreshing spring, or, looking backward, grasping (with a firmer grip than ever Sergeant Bates grasped *his* flag) the proud ensign of our nationality and freedom, and spelling out aloud: "E-x-c-e-l-s-i-o-r," and pencilling notes by the way on the broad margins of his rejected plays, "Did he git all the way up?" Jimmy, he persevered like a cow chewing her cud, neither looking to the right nor to the left, but pushing onward like a hungry man in pursuit of warm victuals. "Was the witteis at the top when he got there?" Yes, Jimmy, and the glittering prize he had struggled for so long and so zealously—the "wittles was there," piping hot, and he partook thereof, spreading his little flag for a tablecloth, and offering a blessing to THE CLIPPER for its cheerful words of advice, and, in a schooner of beer which he found waiting him up there, drinking long life and happiness to the crew of the staunch and trim-built craft. And it came to pass, when he had refreshed himself and put all his manuscript plays into his carpet-bag, and had started on his return trip, that his way was beset by those who had shunned him in his days of adversity, and they fain would make it pleasant for him as he journeyed along: what had once been a thorny and rocky road of life. Somebody offered him partridge-on-toast, and chicken-salad; others tendered him tenderloin of beef, larded, with mushrooms; yea, Spring chicken was set before him, and wine galore; a deputation of citizens, headed by a full brass band, met him half-way, and proffered the hospitalities of the city in a box. Then came more of his fellow-citizens, and in their train was an eight-horse barouche in which he was invited to sit, so that his trip *down* the hill might be made easy for him; but he preferred to ride on a go-as-you-please gait; and so kept a-going, with his head and flag upraised, and he a-constantly spelling out the talismanic word: "E-x-c-e-l-s-i-o-r!" Cheers and deputations of citizens met him at every step. It was an ovation of which even the silent man on horseback might well be proud. ["Who *is* the silent man on a horse?" Gen. Grant.] And lo! he passed through the vast throngs in safety, and when he arrived at the base of the rocky mountain, behold THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, bearing in its hand a floral repast of clam soup, fish-balls, pork-and-beans, and other things so dear to the American taste. And he fell to, and lo! the multitude would have assisted at the feast, but he said them nay. Fatted calves were killed and roasted in his behalf, but he touched them not. And it came to pass, even as he cooled the hot clam-soup, that his carpet-bag was seized upon, and the hidden mysteries of the past were divided among the famished people. Six-gulders flowed in upon him like a spring freshet; dubloons were piled in his sash like cords of hickory wood; golden eagles swarmed around and about him like mosquitoes in the undulating swamps of Jersey; bonds and other precious securities took the place of his manuscripts; strong men fought for his autograph, and small children cried for his name as a new-born children cried before. With his olden-time modesty, he stuck to his clam-soup and fish-cakes; had a kind word for all, yea, verily, even for those who had leveled him and called him horse; to the few whom he had been permitted to "stand off" he bore no malice, but returned after many days, and squared things like the honest man he is. [Jimmy, is the machine in tune this morning? "Two or three cogs is loose; but she kin still make music." Is she greased? "I grose her last night while I was courtin' to my luv." Well, give her her head and let her go:

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Who saw him bounding on the tide
That led to fame and fortune wide,
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THE RICHMOND & VON BOYLE COMBINATION commence a two weeks' engagement at the Standard Theatre, this city, Jan. 19. This combination has been on the road since last August, and they have appeared in the principal Western cities as far as Omaha, and have met with great success. *The Brooklyn Bright says:*

There was produced at the Brooklyn Park Theatre last evening a new American comedy-drama in three acts, entitled "Our Candidate," which, if it possessed no other merit, would be able to claim the advantage of having already provoked considerable discussion, based, of course, upon the widest divergence of opinion as to its merits. It is spoken of as a political comedy; it is described as a mere string of incidents, without form, plot or purpose; it is laughed at as preposterous and extravagant; is praised for its utter freedom from conventionality, and again ridiculed for the author's obvious ignorance of the canons of dramatic art. Upon one point do the various critics agree, namely, that it is absurdly and infinitely funny. Whether the fun is always where the author intended it should be is an open question; but the chaos of events, situations and dramatic persons evolves merriment, if not sense of satire. One thing may be mentioned to the credit of the piece. With all its broad farce and humor, there is not one dubious word or situation in it. It is something to laugh over, but not to study. And such laughter as last night's has not been heard at the Brooklyn Park since Harrigan and Hart were here.

AN ENTIRE CHANGE of programme was given last week at Harry Miner's Theatre, and, judging from the success which attended it, the management have no cause to complain. The newcomers included John F. Sheridan and Alecia Jourdan in "A Moonlight Flirtation," Fanny Osborne and Harry Wentworth in Irish character acts, Harry K. and Blanche Morton in German comedy, and Joe Redmond and Ada Clifton in interludes, happily displaying their proficiency as sketch-artists. The Brazziers were liberal in applause in their grotesque dances; the Leland Sisters executed acceptably their songs-and-dances: Turner, Welch and Harris in the Ethiopian act entitled "The Washday Jubilee" gave general satisfaction; Viola Clifton earned applause in popular songs, and proved a pleasing and pretty representative of Idex in the concluding spectacle of "The Naaid Queen." Opening Jan. 12: Sheehan and Jones, Clooney and Ryan, Bryant and Hoey, Lillie Western and Ada Lynwood.

AN ENTIRE CHANGE of programme was given at Volks' Garden last week, when the new appearances included Frank and Fannie Davis in "Fogarty's Night On;" Sam Weston and Ben Brown in their act entitled "Train Time;" Guy Linton and Lucy Adams in the sketch of "Second-sight at a Discount;" Arthur Johnson in the farce called "Married Life;" Charles Foley in Irish comicalities; Mlle. Martelle in popular songs; Edwards and Gaylor in eccentric songs-and-dances; Lottie Belmont in a balancing-trapeze act; Borthwick Reid in sword-exercises; and Mike Gallagher as "The Irish Dancing-master" and as Ragged Pat in the concluding drama of "Irish Landlords." Arrivals Jan. 12: Frank Jones and Alice Montague, P. C. Foy, Charles A. Gardner, Harry Sheldon, Lottie Grant, and the Morrisseys.

AT DICK FARRELL'S American Theatre the attractions last week included Moore and Lessenger in the German sketch of "Ulrich's Troubles;" Charles A. Gardner in Dutch songs and sayings; Mullen and Magee as "The Men of Nerve;" Bessie Bell in serio-comic songs; and Harry Kaye as "Professional Hams," their efforts being equally productive of amusement and applause. Karoli and Augusta Ordey in juggling and balancing; Belle Celeste on the trapeze; Dashaway and Monroe on a horizontal-bar act, and the Sheridan Sisters, Dick Sands in clog-dancing respectively displayed dexterity; and Wm. Cronin sustained with humorous ability the part of Mrs. Grofenkeiser in the new afterpiece entitled "German and Irish Domestic Troubles," Jan. 12: Frank Mayo, Edwin Byron, Bob Slavin, Jennie Satterlee, Devlin and Tracy, and the Murray and Hodges Combination.

THE FRESH FEATURES of the lengthy programme presented last week at the Bowery Garden were Fanny Sandford's comicalities as "Mrs. Pet Slate's sketches of "Love in the Country" and "Old Veteran's Birthday," P. C. Foy's Irish ballads, Tom Harper and Jessie Merton's skatorial evolutions, the Cahill Brothers' musical act, and Alex. Zanfretta as "The French Dancing-master" and in the concluding comic pantomime, entitled "The Magic Book." Commencing Jan. 12: Dick Sands, Conrow and Dally, Allen and Hart, Jen Powers and Georgie Macy, Fayette Welch, Frank George, J. J. Sullivan, Prof. Fox, Shanley and the Carrolls. Matinees will be given at this establishment on Mondays, instead of Saturdays, hereafter.

AT THE LONDON THEATRE the attendance was fully up to the average last week, when the new arrivals were headed by Emerson, Clark and Bowyer Brothers, who appeared in their song-and-dance entitled "Sunlight;" Emma Bretto in serio-comic songs, Chas. and Ella Jerome in the sketch entitled "Comedy," Cardello and Victorelli in a horizontal-bar act, and the Parker Sisters in songs-and-dances also appeared to advantage. Billed for Jan. 12: Harry and Emma Budworth, Howard and Covne, Louise Stetson, John Morris, Harry Bryant, Ida Morris, J. E. Green and French Twin Sisters.

MUSICAL NOTES.—The opera of "The First Life Guards at Brighton" was given for the first time in this city at the Broadway Opera-house Jan. 5. The piece has already been reviewed in THE CLIPPER at the time of its first production in Philadelphia. It has not created a sensation here.....At the Thalia Thea we "Fatinitza" keeps the house full. A concert was given at Chickering Hall Jan. 6, in which Miss Anna Bock, the young American pianist, whose recitals have created so favorable an impression, and a number of the members of the Philharmonic Club participated.....In consequence of a reported injury to one of his hands, has canceled his engagements for the present....A handsome church organ has been presented to the chapel attached to the Five Points House of Industry by a friend who prefers to remain unknown, and the first concert was held Jan. 7. S. N. Penfield, a Brooklyn organist, presided at the instrument, and the children were heard in choruses. It is designed to continue the concerts, which are free, throughout the Winter, and a number of prominent organ-players have already volunteered.....The Yale Glee Club were listened to in an enjoyable programme at their concert Jan. 7, at Chickering Hall. A number of young gentlemen from the college compose the organization, which has for its object the accumulation of a fund for the Yale Navy. .....Miss Elizabeth Sloman, harpist; Edward Mollenhauer, violinist; Miss Bonfi, Miss Munier, H. R. Bonyngton, H. Brandt, Miss Hauser and Miss W. E. Mulligan, organist, appeared at the concert at St. Stephen's Church Jan. 11.....Mme. Louisa Cappiani, a well-known teacher, introduced several of her pupils, including Mrs. T. B. Buxton, Mrs. St. Romeyn and E. E. Gudin, soloists of the choir; and W. E. Mulligan, organist, appeared at the concert at St. Stephen's Church Jan. 11.....Mme. Louisa Cappiani, a well-known teacher, introduced several of her pupils, including Mrs. T. B. Buxton, Mrs. St. Romeyn and E. E. Gud

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT, a quarrel with the press, and amusements in Chicago, Ill., up to Jan. 10, are thus described by our correspondent:

At McVicker's, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Bandmann and company presented the Shakespearian drama to light attendance. "Hamlet" was given Jan. 5 and matinee 7; "Romeo and Juliet" 6, 7, with Bandmann as Mercutio; "Othello" 8, "Merchant of Venice" 9, "Lady of Lyons" matinee 10, "Richard III" evening 10. Week of 12, "Narcisse." Great preparations are being made for the production of "Drink" 19, with the complete Boston Theatre cast. Malmsha and Rogers are getting up elegant new scenery. A twelve horse-power engine has been put under the box-office (Redfield, the treasurer, says he has made application for extra fire insurance) for the manufacture of the electric light, which will be used in the stage effects of "Drink" and to light the front of the building. If it proves wholly successful, it will be used in the auditorium.....At Hooley's, the "Banker's Daughter" was presented the last week to a good attendance. The piece was handsomely put upon the stage, and will be continued another week. Adele Belgarde follows 19; Weathersby-Goodwin 26, for two weeks. The news reaches me that Manager Hooley is talking of taking the Novelty Theatre, Boston, with Manager Butler. At Haverly's the Dickie Lingard company presented "Our Boys" ("Les Fourchambault" being withdrawn at the last moment owing to incomplete arrangements) all the week to well-filled houses. The cast was nearly the same as when given at Hooley's a few weeks ago, except that Henry A. Ellis this time played Sir Geoffrey, and W. W. Allen—who formerly played the above part—acted Evelyn Middlewick, while H. M. Brown replaced Fred Wren as Talbot. The Dickie Lingard Co. pany goes to Rockford, Ill., 12, Beloit, Wis., 13, Janesville 14, returning here for rehearsals for Sun. Sunday night at Hooley's 18, when they produce "The Overland Route." Daniel has taken a lease of Hooley's for Sunday nights until Sept. 1. Frank E. Aiken and Genevieve Rogers open 12 at Haverly's, for night of 11 only, the Rice Surprise Party in "Horrors." Herr Sandcman saw fit to enter into a controversy with *The Tribune* because it severely critiqued his Hamlet, and issued a circular chaffing it with falsehood. The result has been a very cold shoulder from the press and a very poor business for Bandmann.....At the Lyceum, Texas Jack and Mlle. Morlacchi have appeared in "Little Nell," preceded by Louie Lord in "Delicate Ground," the past week. Week of Jan. 12 Louie Lord and the stock present "Extremes" and "The Irish Lord and the stock present "Extremes" and "The Irish Lord."....At the Halsted-street Opera house Miss Henrietta Irving appeared in "sixteen-string Jack," as well as in "Ireland and America," the past week, receiving the special support of Miss Fannie Wood. Week of 12 Charles Thornton in "Simon Kenton;" week of 19, George A. Hill in "The Serpent's Sting."....At the National 12 W. J. Thompson and dogs in "The Dogs of the Stone Cross." This house is now in litigation in the Chancery Court. The property is owned by two brothers one of whom desires to sell; they have been trying to oust Adams, the lessee and manager, who holds a lease from them that is virtually good for ninety-nine years, at a rental of one hundred dollars per month. The principal trouble is that when the brothers rented the property it was not worth much, and had been lying idle. It has now nearly doubled in value, and Adams has been making a snug little fortune out of the theatrical business.....H. M. Markham, late of the Halsted-street, plays his new drama "Face to Face" in Cincinnati week of 12. Detroit 19, returning here 26.....Active preparations have been going on at Hamlin's the past week for the production of Frank E. Aiken's drama of "Light of the Arch, or the Love that Lives," including some new and especially handsome scenery, in which he and Miss Genevieve Rogers will appear as stars 12.....Manager Harvey has arrived 5.....Agent Phil Simmonds informs me that Lon Perdicaris has compromised his suit with Bandmann. Bandmann and company go to St. Louis 19. Louisville 26.....Philip Hawley, late of the Four Star Combination, joins the Collier company here, succeeding Frank Roberts, playing with them in Cincinnati two weeks from 19, Cleveland two weeks from 26, and following dates from here.....Poust, late of St. Louis, the new scenic-artist at the Olympic, is preparing some very handsome scenery for Lanrock's new drama, "Philip Gordon, Miner".....Simon Moesta, the new scenic-artist at Hooley's, is doing some very fine work.....W. C. Mitchell, who had been away some days, returned 8. He leaves for Pittsburg 11, to join Hyers Sisters' troupe, with which he is interested with T. Brigham Bishop. He goes Boston, with Manager Butler.....At Hamlin's the Dickie Lingard company presented "Our Boys" ("Les Fourchambault" being withdrawn at the last moment owing to incomplete arrangements) all the week to well-filled houses. The cast was nearly the same as when given at Hooley's a few weeks ago, except that Henry A. Ellis this time played Sir Geoffrey, and W. W. Allen—who formerly played the above part—acted Evelyn Middlewick, while H. M. Brown replaced Fred Wren as Talbot. The Dickie Lingard Co mpany goes to Rockford, Ill., 12, Beloit, Wis., 13, Janesville 14, returning here for rehearsals for Sun. Sunday night at Hooley's 18, when they produce "The Overland Route." Daniel has taken a lease of Hooley's for Sunday nights until Sept. 1. Frank E. Aiken and Genevieve Rogers open 12 at Haverly's, for night of 11 only, the Rice Surprise Party in "Horrors." 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FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

Our Australian Letter.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

MELBOURNE, Dec. 2, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. QUEEN.—We are now entering upon all the delights and drawbacks of Summer, and as we are nearing the Christmas holidays business, as usual, at all of our places of amusement becomes very dull, the fact being that the people retrench to prepare for the coming festival and pantomime season. At the date of my last letter Lyster's English and Italian Opera Company were playing for a short season. "Carmen," "Maritana," "Il Trovatore," "Fra Diavolo," and a few other well-known works were produced. The season closed, and the following troupe were formed for a tour through New Zealand, whither they have departed: Madame Rose Hersee and her husband—Arthur Howell—Miss E. A. Lambert, Miss Bessie Royal, Mrs. J. H. Fox, Messrs. Armes Beaumont, C. H. Templeton, George Verdi, G. A. Johnson, W. Johnson and Signor and Signora Cov, who lately returned to Melbourne from the European Continent. Those artists who have seceded from the opera company are Miss Palma, Signor Antonio Ia Lenk, and Messrs. Francis Gaynor, Ugo Angieri and Signor Paladini. I very much regret to notice the continued failing health of William Saurin Lyster, the director of the opera. His sad state is a source of considerable uneasiness to his many friends and the public generally, among whom he is the most popular manager in the colonies. He was not able to accompany his company on the tour through the land of the Maories..... After being closed for a few nights, the boards of the Opera-house here were taken possession of by a variety party styling themselves "The Victoria Loftus Troupe of British Blondes," amongst whom are some very good artists. Miss Loftus is petite in figure, dances very well, but has little voice; Harry Le Clair, female burlesque artist, is very good; and the same may be said of Waters, Kelly, Gilbert and Sarony, song-and-dance men. The Irish comedians Sam Rickey and Charles McCarthy are also good. The others who appeared were Jennie Leslie, Emma Dubois, Minnie Esmond, Nellie Inman, and Genevieve St. Marc. George Atkins, Ed. Hunly and Little Kate. At Christmas a new pantomime, entitled "Robinson Crusoe and Friday and His Funny Family," is to be produced under the direction of Mr. Roberts of the London Comedy Company. George Gordon, the scenic-artist, is preparing some grand transformation scenes..... The Academy of Music has had for some time as the stellar attraction Miss Augusta Dargon, who has appeared successively in "Queen Mary," "Elizabeth," "School for Scandal," "London Assurance," "The Honeymoon," "Hunchback," and "Ireland as it Was," in the last displaying the possession of varied talents by appearing as Judy O'Trot. Her engagement, which was not pecuniarily successful, closed on Friday night, and on the following evening Wybert Reeve reappeared in "Great Temptation," a dramatized version of the novel "No Name," by Wilkie Collins. He appeared as Captain Wragge—a very stilted performance. Arthur Sketchley, the well-known writer of "Mrs. Brown and Her Adventures," having just arrived from the Cape of Good Hope, where he has been on a professional tour as a reader of his own productions—put in an appearance here on the same evening, and gave his audience a rich treat by his excellent delivery of "Mrs. Brown at the Play." Fred Thorne also reappeared at this house after a very long absence. The pantomime here is to be an entirely new version of the well-known "Cinderella." .....The Theatre Royal, since it has become a minor house, has also become a very noisy one. The gallery seems to be the attraction, and to the gallery all the artists engaged seem to play, courting the discordant yells. Charles Reade's "It is Never Too Late to Mend" has had possession of the boards for some time, and it was, for a novelty at this house, tolerably well played and produced. On Saturday evening it gave place to "Baby," which still keeps the stage, although an unmistakable failure. The attraction of the evening, however, was the first appearance of D. R. Hawley and A. Buisiay, gymnasts, from Woodward's Gardens, San Francisco. They gave a very clever performance, which they christened "Dare-devilry." In its way it was very good; but we have seen gymnasts equally as talented in times gone by. The Christmas presentation this year is to be the pantomime of "The Children in the Wood." The company, as far as it is at present formed, will be weak; but the management will mainly depend on the scenic effects of that prince of scene-painters, John Hennings. Bland Holt, son of Clarence Holt of the Duke's Theatre, London, will be the Clown, and have charge of the harlequinade.....The People's Theatre is now under the sole management of Walter Reynolds, though Theodore Hamilton still holds the position of sole lessee. Business generally has been very good, the pieces produced evidently hitting the taste of the visitors. "London by Gaslight" (a version of "After Dark") had a good run, and at present a revival of "The Sea of Ice" is doing very well. "The Ticket-of-leave Man" is to be played the rest of this week. At Christmas, George Darrell, actor-author, is engaged to appear in a new play he has just written, entitled "The Forlorn Hope." It is well spoken of, and a great success is anticipated, as Mr. Darrell's previous plays have all met with approbation..... At St. George's Hall another variety company from America is now appearing. They are called Leamy's Froliques, and were engaged by Martin Simonsen while lately in San Francisco. This party has a few good artists, and the rest are of inferior abilities. First come the clever Valdis Sisters, accomplished gymnasts, the like of whose performances we have never before seen in this part of the globe. After them, in order of merit, Lottie Elliott must be named, as her skipping-rope dance is most attractive. This young and handsome lady, while showing no lack of limb, is lithe and nimble, and withal without the least show of vulgarity. Charley Reed and John Gilbert also do some pleasing acts, but the songs-and-dances of Cummings and Harrington are not up to the standard of those songs and changes. The names of the other members of the company are Carrie Godfrey, Annie Ainsworth, J. R. Osborne and W. A. Thompson..... The Apollo Hall is occupied by the U. S. Minstrels, which include Louis Braham, F. Burgen, Walter Hawkins (male soprano), Charley Holly, Tom Buckley, and Frank Weston (Wizard Oil-King), middleman, banjoist and manager. I am glad to know that they have been doing a very good business. In the country districts there is no entertainment of any note showing—in fact, now, just before the holidays, it would not pay any good undertaking to travel..... In Adelaide, at the Theatre Royal, Lyster & Garner's London Comedy Company are doing an excellent business. A slight misunderstanding, however, has led to the defection of Fred De Belville..... At the Academy of Music, in the same town, Mrs. F. M. Bates and Theodore Hamilton played some three nights in "Ingomar." It was then found that no money was forthcoming, and that the manager, George Gibbons, was hopelessly in debt to all. The stars declined to play longer, and have returned to Melbourne. Mr. Gibbons has since gone to jail for debt..... In Sydney the Williamsons are playing at the Theatre Royal in "Pinafore," as Josephine and the Admiral. They are very well supported..... At the Queen's Baker & Farron, the lessees, have been doing a very good business. At present they are playing a new comedy, entitled "Honest Hearts," which has been specially written for them by H. W. Emmett, a rising young actor now playing at the Melbourne Theatre Royal..... Professor Pepper and a stock company are appearing in sensation plays at the Victoria, in that city. J. L. Hall, Mrs. Hall and Miss Laura Wiseman are also in the Cornstalk City, and will commence an engagement at the Victoria on Saturday next. Mr. Hall and the two ladies will also appear in the Christmas pantomime, of which he will have the entire superintendence..... Chiarini's Circus is on a tour through New Zealand, and is expected in Sydney for the holidays..... In New Zealand, I hear, business is very dull. So far as shows and entainments are concerned, that colony wants a rest..... Cheevers and Kennedy and William Horace Bent are with the Mammoth Minstrels in the land of the Maories.

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THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

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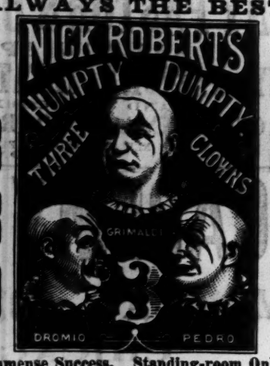

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